

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 310.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1833.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

(J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

### *A History and Description of Modern Wines.*

By Cyrus Redding. London: Whittaker.

This is a work which must have given the author an infinity of trouble to put together, and which yet will not, we fear, repay him as it ought to do, for all his anxiety and labour. The lovers of wine find no leisure in their passion, to inquire how wines are grown, what are their varieties, which are the sites most congenial to the clinging, straggling, entangling plant, or how and where the grapes are gathered and pressed. The bottle is vine, vintage and all; and so long as that pours forth "most exquisite music," the root and branches of the matter are nothing. Wine is a charming friend to man, and deserves an historian as well as the hero and the poet. How intellectual, how inspiring, how courageous is wine! Does it not, if properly "wooded and won," fly at once to the head, and give life to a thousand airy dreams and brilliant actions? Mr. Redding, we are sure, agrees with us, for he has shown himself anxious to do all honour to his glorious subject!

Wine, we take it, has more to do with the styles of authors, than has hitherto been remarked and acknowledged. "Tell me your company," saith the proverb, "and I'll tell you what you are." Tell us, say we, the wine you drink, and we will tell you what manner of writing you will indulge in. The poet will achieve little upon solid weighty port, unless he is set in for a heavy epic; and the historian would "fail of his intent," if he expected to travel over the deserts and plains of time, on the momentary spirit of champagne. Could the novelist create character and incident, under the quiet influence of a Rhenish potation? or the biographer expect "to do to the life," on the deadening draughts of base Cape? No; as the writer imbibes, so will he form his style—as the insect is coloured by the leaf on which it feeds. It would be curious to ascertain, by a reference to the works of some of our present writers, what are the favourite wines of the several poets and prosers. Cobbett, of course, drinks port; not the curious, light, racy beverage, long schooled in the wood and colled in the bottle, but your genuine, rude, strapping, banging, blackstrap. Lord Byron, and indeed he confesses it in his journal and letters, indulged in claret—branded claret; hence the strength, spirit, and flavour of his writings; and the yet soured views he took of all things and all men. Rogers drinks moderately of the sobering Rhine wines; and so he always writes correctly, and never loses his Memory. And Moore takes his champagne—which, it grieves us to say, he must sometimes have bought of Wright—and so he writes in a dazzling, sparkling style. Scott drank all wines, and to glorious excess; Crabbe lived on *hermitage* and *vin-de-Grave*; Strangford, upon *Lisbon*.

It is, we believe, a well-known fact, that the 'School for Scandal' was written under the influence of *Sherry* only; and, that the late John Scott wrote his account of the battle of Waterloo under *tent* alone. We have neither room nor time to push this curious inquiry further. But we have started the subject sufficiently to give such of our readers as are at the *throw off*, opportunity to pursue the hunt if they please.

The importance of wine in a literary point of view being manifest, we need hardly say we welcome a most elegant and interesting volume, detailing its "birth, parentage, and education," with great pleasure. Mr. Redding comes to the work evidently with a spirit all a-fire "to honour and renown" wine. He is none of your water-drinking writers—he is of the Capulets—of the house of feasting—and not of the house of Montag!—or we have "mistaken our man." Truly, he writes of the birthplace of the Vine, as a poet would write of Stratford-upon-Avon. Mark how he luxuriates upon the Rhine.

"The Germans, like vain men of other nations upon analogous subjects, have wasted a good deal of idle conjecture on the antiquity of the culture of the vine in their country. While many of their writers ascribe its introduction to the Emperor Probus and his legions, about the year 280; others go up to the Asiatic Bacchus, and pretend that Baccharach, in the vicinity of which so many excellent vineyards are found, derived its name from the deity of the wine: a stone still existing in the river, which they call 'Bacchus Altar.' Had the etymology been treated metaphorically in this way, to describe the vine country on the Rhine, and some of its tributary rivers, it would not have been out of place to call it the country of Bacchus. The Germans boast of four other places sacred to Bacchus: Steegbach, situated on a hillock, they call the ladder of Bacchus: Diebach, the finger (*digitus*): Handbach, or Manersbach, the hand; and Lorch, or Laurea, the bay or laurel. Formerly, it was impossible to enter a German house without being offered 'large jacks of wine,' so attached were they to the rites of their purple deity. The banks of these rivers are covered with vineyards. The Rhine, Moselle, Neckar, and Mayn, are gardens of the vine. Nor have the Germans been content with cultivating the banks of rivers alone, but the higher lands are planted with the greatest success. It matters very little whether the territory of Treves poured out its abundance in the time of the Romans, or of Charlemagne, the Germans have enjoyed it since the year 400; and the Frenchman, who said the Germans had found out the perpetual motion in their cups, or tall old wine glasses, was not far from the truth. The German loves his glass; and while he cultivates his vines, let the good burgher of Treves swallow his Augenschneider, his Thiergartner, Schamet, and Pitcher, provided he will allow the foreigner to share a little of the superfluity of his golden vintage. From Bonn to Coblenz, and from the latter city to Mayence, the country is covered with vineyards. The Johannisberger of 'father' Rhine, the Gruenhaeuser, or the Brauneberger of the Moselle, and the Hockheimer of the Mayn, each distinguish and hal-

low their respective rivers in the eyes of the connoisseur in wine.

"Whoever has visited the noble Rhine must have felt sensible of its vineyards, covering steep and shore, interlaced with the most romantic ruins, towns ancient and venerable, smiling villages, and the rapid broad German river, reflecting the rich scenery on its banks. From Mentz even to Bonn, the vineyards of the Rhine are observed to greater advantage than any similar cultivation in other countries: Erbach, enthroned on its vines; the Rheingau, its Johannisberg on a crescent hill of red soil, adorned with cheering vegetation; Mittelheim, Geisenheim, and Rüdshelm, with its strong, fine-bodied wine, the grapes from which bask on their promontory of rock, in the summer sun, and imbibe its generous heat from dawn to setting; then again, on the other side, Bingen, delightful, sober, majestic, with its terraces of vines, topped by the chateau of Klopp. The river and its riches, the corn and fruit which the vicinity produces, all remind the stranger of a second Canaan. The Bingerlock, the ruins, and the never-failing vines scattered among them, like verdant youth, revelling amid age and decay, give a picture nowhere else exhibited, uniting to the joyousness of wine the sober tinge of meditative feelings. The hills back the picture, covered with feudal relics or monastic remains, below Asmannshausen to Lorch, mingled with the purple grape. Baccharach is near, the wine of which, probably the fancy of the drinkers having changed, is now pronounced second-rate in quality, though not long ago, even the French celebrated it in their Bacchanalian songs, is still very good, fashion may say what it chooses. Landscapes of greater beauty, joined to the luxuriance of fruitful vine culture, can nowhere be seen; perhaps, there is something to be added, for the alliance of wine and its agreeable qualities, with the noble scenery of the river. The mind will have its associations upon all subjects."

Every kind of grape and every kind of wine is treated of, fully, learnedly, and enthusiastically in this work. Of Moore's drink, Mr. Redding writes with less effervescence than we should have expected; but, perhaps he had been quaffing the *still* champagne:—

"There is an exquisite delicacy about the wines of Champagne, which is more sensible to the foreigner than that which distinguishes the richest kind of Burgundy in the taste of the French amateur. The French have terms for distinguishing different qualities in their wines, some of which cannot be translated; but the terms 'delicate' or 'fine,' as applied to the wines of Champagne, the peculiar 'aroma,' which remains in the mouth after tasting them, together with the 'bouquet,' which is understood alone of the perfume, and is applied to the sense of smell, are terms pretty intelligible to Englishmen, who are drinkers of French wines.

"It is on the banks of the Marne that the best effervescing wines are made, or, to follow the French designation, from 'the vineyards of the river.' We have already noted the general divisions of river and mountain wines, which are of some antiquity in characterizing the wines of this part of France. The French, however, divide this district, or vine-ground of Rheims, into four general divisions, namely, the river vineyard district, that of the mountain

of Rheims, that of the estate of St. Thierry, and that of the valleys of Norrois and Tardenois. There are, moreover, one or two other spots which do not come into these divisions, one of them is on the side of a hill north-east of Rheims."

The following, on the wine and the wine-company of Oporto, is true and interesting:—

"If the company had done its duty, and acted up to its professions, the wine of Oporto, which is naturally of a good character, would, perhaps, have been improved into a wine of the first class. A generous and honourable competition with French wines, until by perseverance and a liberal outlay of capital, wine approaching Burgundy, Côte Rôtie, or Bordeaux, might be produced, would have been something meriting praise, and every step attained in the improvement of the wine would have rendered imitation in England more difficult, by which means the demand would have extended itself in a fair and honourable way, and the British nation would have escaped the impositions practised upon them from the facility of imitation. Five-eighths of the wine brought to England is so coarse, and is such a medley of ill-flavoured heterogeneous vine produce, bad Portuguese brandy, and other matters, that any ingenious person may increase one pipe to three by the addition of unexciseable articles, without any fresh injury to the stomach of the consumer, or to the appearance of the wine happening. This is not an unfaithful picture of facts, which are dwelt upon in another chapter.

"No wine is worthy to be drank [drunk] in a highly civilized community which is not made of grapes alone, carefully selected from vines upon which practised labour has bestowed the proper culture, and that is not carried through the operations of the vintage and into the cellar with the most watchful attention. Such wine must be exported with scrupulous regard to the nature of the article. In Spain, where, in consequence of a demand for low-priced sherry, Moguer wine is mixed with the better kind in such a proportion as to reduce the butt to the intended value, there is no disguise in the matter. The grower disposes of the wine to the merchant for what it really is, and the merchant exports it under the same character. With sherries adulterated in England the foreigner has nothing to do. The best class of these wines cannot be successfully imitated, for the growth and manufacture have gone on improving, and though the absurd custom of adding the trifling quantity of two bottles of brandy to the butt continues, no other mixture whatever is permitted in practice. A full proportion of brandy exists in southern wines naturally, and by consequence in those of Oporto. What is added to wines by nature of so much strength must be injurious, and can never assimilate, as the natural alcohol does, with the wine even during fermentation. The trade may talk of *fretting in*, and what not, the commingling is never perfect, and the alcohol uncombined is so much more noxious to the stomach of the drinker, who in fact drinks not water and brandy, but wine and brandy. What then is to be said of the addition of three or four gallons of brandy to a pipe of wine naturally strong, and that too during the process of fermentation, where the must or wine is in the most delicate state of transition, and the least interference is destructive to its future quality? This was done with the Portuguese wines in the teeth of better knowledge. An additional quantity was added on exportation. In wines so deteriorated, the difference which would exist between the first and second growths could seldom be discovered, and it is clear, from the complexion of the thing, that as little as possible of such a distinction was desired. The company seem to have been better pleased that there should be one class alone, absorbing the worst

as well as the best, by this means all the wines obtained a fixed price. It may be replied, how can such a supposition be reasonable, when port wine is found to differ so much in quality? To answer this, it may be observed, that age, brandy, and the soil, will make a trifling difference in the strength and taste of one wine, but they cannot alter the character of the class, it may be ordinary wine notwithstanding. The port wine of the company's exportation could not be mistaken for any other. Age or other causes might evaporate some of the spirit, and make it tawny as in youth it was coloured, but it was the Oporto company's wine still."

There is a good chapter on the wines of Italy, from which we may just take an extract:—

"In the better days of our Lady of Loretto they had a cellar of remarkably good wine there for the use of the faithful. The Church, as was her custom, exhibited her good taste, constantly keeping up a stock of not less than a hundred and fifty tuns for this purpose. The wines of Vicenza had once a good name, they were styled, in the way of the Italians, who love epithets, 'dolce et piceante.' The wine of Vicenza, the bread of Padua, the tripe of Treviso, and the courtesans of Venice, were formerly said to be the best of their kind in the world. On the shores of the Lake of Garda they make a sweet wine, like Canary, of prime quality, called *Vino Santo*. It is not extracted from the grapes until Christmas, and is drank at the following Midsummer. In Parma and Placentia they grow wines which are very unpleasant, from having a strong taste of honey. Brescia has some tolerable red wines, among them is that which they call *Toscolano*, thought good in intermittent fevers. It is a durable wine compared to most others in Italy, as it will keep twenty or thirty years. At Castiglione they have a *Vino Sauto* of a golden colour, which is not fit to drink for four years, and then bears some resemblance to Tokay. In the Veronese they make a poor muscadine. The dry wine there is flat and bad, and appropriately named '*Vino Morto*.' Lombardy produces some tolerable light wines. At Pavia a dry *mousseux* is manufactured of no great note.

"But Tuscany is considered the country of the vine in Italy, and so much has the notion been cherished by the natives, that '*Corpo di Bacco*!' is the common oath of the lower classes. The poet of the Tuscan vine Redi, with his '*Bacco in Toscana*,' has enumerated his country's wines as if they were the first in the world, and gives the palm to the '*manna di Monte Pulciano*,' *la manna di monte Pulciano*, a sweet wine of the second class; which has the stain on its character of having killed a churchman, who drank of it too magnificently, unless an error has been made by confounding it with *Montefiascone*.

"The treatment of the vine is much better in the Tuscan states than in other parts of Italy. In Florence even the nobles sell their wine by retail from their palace cellars. The term '*flask of wine*,' is essentially Tuscan, the wine being served out to the consumer in vessels so denominated, in shape that of a well known oil vessel. A flask holds about three quarts. When filled, a little oil is put into the neck, which keeps the wine effectually from the air, as was a custom in ancient times: when it is to be poured out, a bit of tow is first inserted to draw off or absorb the oil from the surface of the wine.

"The luxuriant vines of Tuscany are almost all of the high training, and the vines are made in some places with considerable care. The hill wines only are good, those of the plains are generally poor, that of *Lecore* proverbially so. The plains were once forbidden to be planted with vines. Among the nobility and landowners

excellent Tuscan wine will be found, which has been made under their own superintendence. The liberal character of the government—liberal compared to other states in Italy, where so much of the soil is ruled by foreigners—has exhibited its advantages even in the manufacture of so common an article, for it has excited emulation among the better classes of society. At a Tuscan villa, the owner will, with some degree of pride, extol the vinous growths from his estate, and mention the efforts he is making to increase the excellence of the produce. They who introduced Lancastrian schools, gas, and steam-machinery into Austrian Italy, are exiles or in dungeons—a Porro, Gonfalonieri, or Arrivabene; and it is something to find that a Tuscan nobleman may introduce improvements on his lands, borrowed from more enlightened countries, without individual hazard, and that a generous ruler, in the person of the grand duke, set the honourable example himself. Without an excess, all classes in Tuscany enjoy their wine, fancying it makes good blood, in the words of their poet—

"Il buon vino fa buon sangue."

This work will be read with interest by a large circle of readers. It is generally written with fervour and perspicuity, though there are occasional inelegancies, which an hour's care would have removed. The printing and paper are as beautiful as they can be, and there are numerous embellishments from the pencil of the author, which occasionally remind us even of Stothard in their wealth of grace. A more splendid volume has not issued from the press this many a day.

*Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832.* By an American. New York: Harper.

THIS American is a shrewd and intelligent man, who writes without affectation, and sprinkles classic and modern lore with a skilful and even tasteful hand. But from a desire not to seem a pedant, and a wish perhaps to rebuke the antique extravagance of others, he smiles or sneers at everything that happened before the declaration of American independence. He looks upon the little splendid knot of Grecian Republics as nothing, compared to the United States; laughs at the idea of their maritime combats in creeks and bays where a frigate could not manoeuvre; considers the name of Homer to be a fiction—the tale of Troy divine to be a joke, and rather a long one; Virgil he believes was never at sea in his life; Alexander the Great is only looked upon as a madman; and all that was accomplished at sea before Fulton set on his steam, he inclines to think had better be done again. Then, to come to latter times, he looks upon Gibraltar to be a jail, containing fifteen thousand prisoners, five thousand of whom wear a scarlet uniform, and only remarkable for being the scene of a forgotten squabble between some American and British sailors; Lord Byron swam across the Hellespont at the wrong place, and the watery adventure was left to be achieved by an American Leander; then all moderns are wrong respecting the Turks, who are a much-abused people; and it is easy to see that he considers the English as the propagators of all the falsehoods. Now, we think that this is in bad taste; a man so sensible in other matters should not have indulged in such nonsense. If a small spot like ancient Greece influenced the fortunes of the world, the more merit is due to it; and if

Homer, or his shade, framed the Song of Troy out of a contest about a squaw and a wigwam, the greater ought to be his meed. With regard to his allusions to England, we have only to say, that we disregard his blunt and ineffectual shafts. Were we disposed to scoff at his land in return,—alas! it lies open to any invasion that ill-nature or irony might make upon it. But we have no desire to be impertinent: God knows, there is much here that wants improvement; and we are thankful to any one who reminds us of our faults or misfortunes in a mild and friendly way: we shut our eyes, therefore, and will not see the public ills of the Western Continent; we have, as we have always shown, a warm affection for the institutions and the people, and shall not be driven from our propriety by "an American." Nay, we will not deny, that our author has merits which woo us into forbearance; we had not read far before we began to like his spirit and his talent for observation, and really grew fond of his company. He takes nothing for granted that he can see with his own eyes; he discovers that a long residence in the land inoculates even Franks with a taste for oriental hyperbole, and he listens and shakes his head, and proceeds to investigate for himself.

Constantinople has been so often described by travellers, and painted by landscape painters, that nothing need be said about the magnificence of the city, or the beauty of the bay; but our ladies will not perhaps dislike to visit once again a Turkish bazar—we know to our cost that they look in frequently at English ones.

"The bazars are covered overhead, and in many places arched over with stone in a substantial manner. As you traverse them, astonishment is raised at their apparently endless extent and varied riches. Here, as far as the eye can reach, are seen ranges of shops filled with slippers and shoes of various brilliant hues: there, are exposed the gaudy products of the Persian loom. At one place drugs and spices fill the air with their scents, while at another, a long line of arms and polished cutlery flash upon the eye. Each street is exclusively occupied by a particular branch of trade, and we traversed for hours the various quarters in which books, caps, jewelry, harness, trunks, garments, furs, &c., were separately exposed for sale. The crowds which thronged the bazars were so dense that it was with no little difficulty we made good our way: and when to this are added the numerous persons who were running about, holding up articles for sale, and crying out the price at the top of their voices—the sonorous Turkish accents predominating over the various dialects of Europe—with the running accompaniment of the ceaseless Greek chatter, one may form a tolerably accurate idea of the noise and bustle of the scene. In many districts, such as the seal-cutters, diamond-workers, pipemakers, &c., the same little stall serves both as a place to sell their wares and as a workshop to manufacture them; thus giving an additional air of life and movement to the bustle which continually pervades these regions. No person sleeps within the walls of the bazar. It is closed near sunset by twenty-two immense gates, which lead into as many different streets; and the shopkeepers, at that time, may be seen returning to their homes in different parts of the city, or filling the numerous caïks which then literally darken the waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn."

The picture of the fire of Pera, and the portraits of the Turkish firemen, are worthy

of being looked at; we never heard before of naked firemen cooled as they wrought in flame by having water thrown on them.

"An English gentleman, who was an eyewitness and a sufferer, assured me that nothing surprised him more than the activity of the Turks on this occasion; but that, apparently, no human efforts could have been of any avail. Indeed, when we afterwards saw the machines used by the Turks to extinguish fires, we were not surprised at the feeble resistance which they could oppose to the progress of the devouring element. The engines, in fact, are not larger than those employed with us to water our gardens. They have but a single chamber, which is about eight inches long by three or four in diameter: they are carried readily about by hand, and, in fact, seem far better calculated to nourish than to quench a flame. The tumbagees, or firemen, are selected for their great personal strength and activity. They are naked to the waist, and their heads are protected by a broad copper cap. In this state they will rush into the midst of flames, and work with the energy of demons. Our companion assured us that he saw a party of these tumbagees thus employed, while another party were playing upon them to keep them cool, and preserve them from the scorching heat. The seraskier with the principal high dignitaries of state were present on this occasion, directing the operations of the firemen; and when they could do nothing else, they assisted personally in removing furniture from the burning buildings."

Our author loves to trace the route of the armies of the Cross, and the camps of the Mohammedans, during the memorable siege of Constantinople; nor does he shut his eyes upon smaller matters; he goes to Belgrade, and of course remembers Lady Montagu.

"Our first visit was to the house in which the gay and witty Lady Montagu composed some of her agreeable romances about Turkey. Some travellers assert that the house in which she resided was pulled down; but I have the authority of a gentleman in Buyukdery that this is not the fact. He states that his father owned the identical house occupied by Lady Montagu, and that it is now in his possession. Fortified then by this assurance, we entered a spacious wooden house, which is now undergoing repairs, and, after examining every room, laughed at our own simplicity in expecting to find, after such a lapse of time, any traces of the fair authoress. Her lively ladyship has been often accused of painting manners and scenes rather highly, and Belgrade is an evidence against her. It is a shabby tumble-down village, notorious for completely baking in summer those who are merely broiled elsewhere; and instead of being 'in view of the Black Sea,' is surrounded by dense woods, which afford a complete obstacle to 'the refreshment of cool breezes.' It is very unhealthy, and is now only occupied by second-rate diplomats, such as dragomans and their dependents."

Our traveller gives us much important information respecting the mode of supplying the Turkish cities with fresh water:—

"It is impossible to travel anywhere in the vicinity of Constantinople without being struck with the great pains taken by the Turks to treasure up every rill, or the minutest trickle from the face of the rocks. These are carefully collected in marble or brick reservoirs, and the surplus is conveyed by pipes to the main stream. In passing through sequestered dells, the traveller frequently comes suddenly upon one of these sculptured marble fountains, which adds just enough of ornament to embellish the rural scene. They are frequently decorated with inscriptions setting forth the greatness and good-

ness of Providence, and inviting the weary traveller to make due acknowledgments for the same. Unlike our civilized ostentation, the name of the benevolent constructor never appears on these sculptured stones. The quaint Turkish adage, which serves as a rule of conduct, is well exemplified in this as well as in many other instances: 'Do good, and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.'

"Among the hills at various distances, from fifteen to twenty miles from the city, are constructed large artificial reservoirs. These are termed bendis, a word of Persian origin, and are built in the following manner:—advantage is taken of a natural situation, such as a narrow valley or gorge between two mountains, and a strong and substantial work of masonry is carried across, sufficiently high to give the water its required level."

Such is the general account: our author next proceeds to the details—his description is clear and satisfactory, and one peculiarity in the method by which water is conveyed, on the level of its fountain, across deep valleys, preserving it at the same time pure and sweet, deserves to be quoted.

"Where a valley of great extent is to be crossed, the Turks have resorted to an ingenious contrivance, which I have nowhere seen clearly described, but which, from its simplicity and value, merits a more particular notice. From the want of sufficient mechanical skill to manufacture water-pipes strong enough to bear the weight of a large column of water, they adopted the following plan:—in the direction of the proposed water-channel, a number of square pillars are erected at certain short intervals. They are about five feet square, constructed of stone, and, slightly resembling pyramids, taper to the summit. They vary in height, according to the necessities of the case, from ten to fifty feet, and in some instances are even higher.

"They form a striking peculiarity in Turkish scenery, and it was some time before the principle upon which they were constructed was apparent. The water leaves the brow of a hill, and descending in earthen pipes rises in leaden or earthen ones, up one side of this pillar, to its former level, which must be of course, the summit of the pillar, or *sooteray*, as it is called by the Turks. The water is here discharged into a stone basin as large as the top of the sooteray, and is discharged by another pipe, which descends along the opposite side of the pillar, enters the ground, advances to the next sooteray, which it ascends and descends in the same manner; and in this way the level of the water may be preserved for many miles over large ravines or plains, where an aqueduct would be, from its expensiveness, manifestly out of the question. In the city of Constantinople, the old ruinous aqueduct of Valens, which no longer conducts water in the usual manner, is converted into a series of sooterays, and permits one to examine their structure in detail. The stone basin on the summit is covered with an iron plate, to prevent the birds from injuring the water. This is connected by a hinge, and, upon lifting it up, the basin is found to be divided into two parts by a stone partition. Several holes are made in this partition near its upper edge. The water from the ascending pipe is allowed by this means to settle its foreign impurities, and the surface water, which is of course the most pure, flows through these apertures into the adjoining compartment, from whence it descends, and is carried to the next sooteray, where the same process is repeated. A number of projecting stones on the sides facilitate the ascent of the person who has charge of these sooterays, and whose business it is to



remove the deposits from the water in the stone basins."

We like the social and domestic sketches of the author better than his political pictures. The purification of a house, and the burial of the dead, are common to all countries—yet different in all.

"I was witnessing, this morning, the operation of house-cleaning, which is performed by deluging the floors with water, and then the servants dance backwards and forwards on small bundles of heath-twigs; when a low chant, interrupted occasionally by a loud shriek in the streets of our village, summoned me to the window. It was the funeral of a Greek. The deceased was dressed in his best clothes, and the body was entirely exposed to view. This practice, which is universal among the Greeks, is at all times disagreeable; but when death has ensued after small-pox, or any other loathsome disease, the spectacle becomes truly revolting. A poor woman, apparently the widow of the deceased, walked alongside of the coffin, tearing her hair, which hung dishevelled about her shoulders, and exhibiting other manifestations of the deepest woe. One was reminded of Ariadne's

*Apice demissos lagentis more capillos,  
Et tunicas lacrymis sicut ab imbre graves.*

As the procession moved slowly onward, the poor mourner would frequently bend over the corpse, kiss its pallid features, address it in the tenderest manner, and then break out into a wild shriek which completely drowned the dismal funeral dirge. With mingled sensations of pity and disgust, I turned away from the scene; when a friend, who happened to be present, dryly inquired, whether this was the first Greek funeral I had ever seen, and then furnished me with the following explanation: The death of a Greek is, in some respects, celebrated like an Irish wake; as it is always the signal for a regular frolic, and the *phiv phiv!* of the mourners is the undoubted prototype of the Irish ulul! The poor bereaved widow, as I had considered her, whose passionate grief had made such an impression upon my feelings, was, in all probability, an utter stranger to the deceased, and had been engaged for the occasion at the rate of five piastres a day, with bread and *rakee* at discretion. I had frequent opportunities afterward of verifying the accuracy of this information; and the practice seems to be of the highest antiquity.\*

Of the honesty of the Turks we find many specimens; the following system of dealing might be adopted with advantage in many towns in England:—

"Returning home this evening at a late hour, I observed many people asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which were lit up, and apparently ready to receive customers. This affords a pleasing evidence of the good faith and honesty of the people. I have noticed a similar circumstance in the bazars and shops of the metropolis. In these places, during the day, if the shopman wishes to step out, or to indulge himself in a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles near the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut, a hint which is universally understood and respected. If you purchase an article, the seller, of course, endeavours to obtain the highest price; but the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience than his Jewish or Christian neighbours. When a piece of money is put into his hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and

\* Consider and call for the mourning women, that they may make haste and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears and our eyelids gush out with waters. Jer. ix. 17. See also Amos, v. 16."

leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. When it is recollected that the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, the honesty of this procedure is apparent; he not only confides in your good faith, but exhibits his own in no small degree."

The insubordination of the Turkish army struck our traveller. Take the following example:—

"At a small wooden building, near the water's edge, where we stopped to take pipes and coffee, we witnessed a scene which, to veterans like ourselves in the New-York militia, was exceedingly diverting. Two soldiers were stationed on guard at this spot, and, as their duty was not particularly burdensome, they were quickly kicking their heels over the bank, and endeavouring to inveigle some small fish (*smaris*), about the size of our killifish, out of the water. They could not, however, be accused of deserting their post, for their muskets were stuck up in the grass some two or three hundred yards off, doing duty for their masters. As the reports are very general that discontents exist among the soldiers, we requested our guide to sound these amateur fishermen on this subject. They acknowledged that they were dissatisfied, but not on account of their pay, which they considered handsome enough—whenver they were so lucky as to obtain it. But what they did grumble at, was, to be compelled to mount guard with no other provision than their ration of bread, and they were then endeavouring to supply the deficiency by fishing. Their tour of duty, however, they said, would expire in a few days, and upon their return to barracks they would be perfectly happy, for they would then receive their full ration both of bread and meat. These soldiers must have been luxurious dogs, to complain about the want of meat, for the labouring class, whose toil would seem to require a very substantial fare, are satisfied with one meal a day, consisting of a small loaf of bread, and a piece of watermelon, or a few black and bitter olives. Upon examining the muskets of these soldiers, which they permitted us to do freely, we found them to be of Turkish manufacture. There was little to criticise, except that the stock of one musket was broken directly across, and held together by the extemporary aid of a piece of rope, while the other was perfect in every respect, except that it wanted a trigger. Neither had flints, but, as the country is now in a state of profound repose and peace, these would be quite superfluous."

Here we have a clever personal sketch of the reigning Sultan:—

"We had not occupied our station more than half an hour, when the military band struck up Sultan Mahmoud's March, which announced his approach. As this was an ordinary occasion, there was little of that pomp and parade which commonly attends his appearance in public. First came some of the upper officers of his household; then four or five led horses richly caparisoned; and last of all, the great man himself. No rude huzza, no boisterous shouts, announced his approach. The men cast their eyes to the ground, the women looked up to him with eyes most dutifully beaming with loyalty, and the general silence was only interrupted by the order to present arms, and the accompanying clang of muskets. The sultan wore on his head the ordinary red fez of the country, and his person was enveloped in a fawn-coloured silk cloak, fastened round his neck by a brilliant diamond clasp. His majesty rides on a European saddle with long stirrups, and has the reputation of being the most fearless rider in his dominions. He was much aided in the great reform which he introduced into his cavalry regiments by an Italian named Calosso, who as a riding-master has introduced the European

equipments, and succeeded in abolishing the former awkward and ungainly Turkish mode of managing their horses. Calosso's services have been highly appreciated, and the sultan has given him the rank of bey, and of an officer in his royal household, without asking him to change his religion. This is said to be the first instance of the kind that has occurred. As the sultan approached, those who had petitions to present for redress of grievances held them over their heads, and upon a given signal handed them to an attendant, by whom they were laid before the sultan on his return from the mosque. In these cases we are informed speedy justice is obtained; if favourable, the applicant is immediately gratified; if unfavourable, he receives his petition torn in two, and from this there is no appeal. \* \* \* Sultan Mahmoud is now forty-four years old, and has reigned twenty-four years. A regular but strongly-marked cast of features, large black and piercing eyes, a complexion rendered somewhat pale by its proximity to a long coal-black beard, and a mouth strongly indicative of firmness, formed the ensemble of his countenance. We have had the honour of doffing our beaver to most of the crowned heads of Europe, but in all that constitutes a superb-looking man, we give the palm to the Sultan Mahmoud. His face indicates indomitable firmness and decision of character, and at the same time displays a mild and amiable disposition. As we gazed upon him we could not avoid recalling his eventful history, and speculating upon his future destiny. Schooled in adversity, and a fellow-prisoner with his royal cousin Selim (from whom, indeed, it is said, he received all his ideas of reform), he seems to form a proper estimate of his exalted station, by using all its influence advantageously for his country. In this he is often thwarted by the venality and rapacity of his subordinates, and by the indolence of his people, but he returns to the charge with renewed ardour, and seems determined to pursue his patriotic course even at the expense of personal popularity. Temperate and even abstemious in his mode of living, he may yet reign for twenty years over Turkey, and in that time his wise and temperate measures of reform will be so firmly seated as to bid defiance to another revolution. Every friend of humanity must hope that his life may long be spared for this good work. From his people he has nothing personally to fear. As the successor of the caliphs, the true descendants of their great law-giver and prophet, he bears about him a charmed life, which sets at defiance the poisoned chalice of the secret enemy, or the pistol of the open foe. In the eyes of every true Mussulman he is emphatically, 'By the grace of God a king.'

The bold, the discontented, and the adventurous of other nations find employment, and sometimes rank, in Turkey.

"Among these patterns of piety, who would expect to find a French soldier, with a highly sculptured turbaned stone announcing that a pacha reposes beneath? And yet such is the case. It is the tomb of Bonneval, a spirited and highly accomplished French officer, who rose to the rank of general in the French service. Disgusted with some treatment he received, he resigned his commission and entered the Austrian service, where his talents and bravery elevated him to the rank of field-marshal. Upon some quarrel with Prince Eugene, he challenged him, and by the severe regulations of that service was condemned to death by a council of war. He made his escape to Venice, but his enemies were upon the point of seizing him there, when he fled to Constantinople. Even here he was not safe, for the Austrian minister made a formal demand for him of the Turkish government. To avoid this he became a Mussulman and a Turkish subject, or as he expressed it, 'exchanged his nightcap for a turban.' He

was the intimate friend of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, and appears to have been a man of high literary attainments. He rose rapidly in the Turkish service, and distinguished himself in several bloody engagements. He was made Pacha of Karamania, and died in 1746, a general of engineers, and a pacha of three tails."

Here is a notice of a living adventurer, whom we remember having seen in Scotland; the American has drawn his highness to the life.

"Among the odd characters assembled in 1818 and 1819 within the gloomy lecture rooms of that venerable university, from various quarters of the globe, was a queer fish, familiarly known under the name of Kitty. He sported on his cards 'Sultan Gerry, Krim Gerry, Kitty Gerry and of Caucasus,' and was remarkable for the astounding English in which he clothed his oriental ideas. He was represented to us as having been a Mussulman converted to Christianity, and sent at the expense of the Emperor of Russia to be initiated into the learning of the West. He was a very inoffensive man, with great simplicity of character, and a much more attentive student than many of us who amused ourselves with his peculiarities. It was considered an excellent joke among the profane to invite honest Kitty to tea under the pretence of discussing literary matters. The conversation would sooner or later diverge to religious subjects, and particularly to the comparative morality of the Christian and Mohammedan belief. Some would jestingly espouse the cause of Mohammed, while poor Kitty would work himself into a perfect fever in defending his adopted religion. During this discussion, wine, or rather potent Fairintosh, would be introduced, and Kitty, although by education and habit exceedingly temperate, would partake of the passing cup. As the genial liquid began to exercise its influence, his fervour increased, and a hint that he was as abstemious as a Mussulman would inevitably compel him to toss off another bumper as a pledge of his orthodoxy. The steadfastness of his faith increased as the steadiness of his gait diminished, and when every thing around him looked double, he would the more vehemently defend the doctrines of the Trinity.

"I have since learned that he married a Scotch lassie, much against the wishes of her family, and took her with him to Russia, where he now resides. He is a lineal descendant of the ancient khans of the Crimea, and we were informed by one of the officers of government here, that in default of male issue in the present royal line, he will certainly be called to the Ottoman throne. His immediate predecessor sold the sovereignty of the Crimea to Russia, and he is now a dependant upon its bounty. That government, with their usual long-sighted policy, doubtless reserve him or some of his descendants in order to make a claim upon the Turkish throne, and fill it with one of their own vassals. This however, unless some unusual calamity should befall the present royal dynasty, is scarcely a probable event; for to judge by the loyal demonstrations of joy exhibited around us this day, a stranger would infer that the great bulk of the people are strongly attached to the reigning family."

Our fair readers, we are sure, will not peruse our American's account of the social parties given by the Turkish ladies with indifference; we are afraid, however, that our dripping climate would often favour them with rain and hail, instead of odours and sunshine, if they attempted to enjoy themselves under the greenwood tree:—

"Every person who has been in Turkey, and is not afraid of speaking out his real sentiments, instead of timidly acquiescing in the loose reports of ignorant or prejudiced travellers who have preceded him, will agree with us when we

state, that women in Turkey actually enjoy more liberty than in the other countries of Europe or in America. We do not speak of the higher classes, for we know nothing about them, although our opportunities have been equal to those of most of our predecessors, and in many cases superior. We allude to the middling classes, by which alone every country is to be judged, if judged fairly or correctly. No stronger proof of the liberty they enjoy is necessary than the numerous parties of ladies which one meets with in the environs of Constantinople, which excursions, from their frequency, appear to form almost the sole business of their lives. It is, in fact, a pleasant way of passing time, and resembles our own practices, except that it differs in its details. Instead of a formal card from Mrs. White to Mrs. Green, and the Misses Green, the Turkish lady sends her servant to a friend, and asks her company to a ride out to Belgrade, or to an excursion on the Bosphorus. Instead of being bored to death like Mrs. White, who hopes half her dear friends will stay away, and, between the grumbling of husband and remissness of servants, is in a feverish flutter for a week or fortnight, the Turkish lady manages the business in a different manner. The fair Fatimah orders provisions to be put up for a day's excursion, and leaving enough for her complaisant husband, steps into her caïk and calls upon her friend the Lady Zaylillah. From thence the party proceed up the Golden Horn, or breasting the Bosphorus, select some lovely valley bordering upon that 'ocean stream.' Here the friends spend the day, surrounded by their household, and continuing their customary avocations, while the young people are sporting under the shade of the lofty trees, and the party return home in the evening in high spirits, and with their health improved by exercise in the open air. It may be doubted whether our young women are equally benefited by spending an evening in a heated and crowded room, and vitiated atmosphere; but we fear the comparison may be thought Gothic."

We shall close our extracts with a Turkish account of the Battle of Navarino: humour belongs to all countries:—

"Shortly after the slaughter of Navarino, the officer charged with despatches from the Turkish admiral waited upon the seraiskier, and exhibited a plan of the battle. The old seraiskier looked at it for a few moments, and then threw it aside with disdain, exclaiming, 'That is no plan of the battle!'—'No plan!' replied the officer; 'I can assure your highness that it is exact in all its details.'—'Inshallah!' exclaimed the seraiskier; 'I can shew you a better one, although I have not been there myself; do you see this?' taking up at the same time a scrip of paper containing a few slight scratches with a pen. The officer looked at it more attentively, and discovered a Turk smoking placidly on his divan, and a servant, who had apparently just entered, announced to his master, that three foreign-looking gentlemen were at the door and wished to see him. The master was represented as saying to the servant, 'Ask them to come in, and get the pipes and coffee ready to do them honour.'—'I do not in all this, may it please your highness, see any plan of a battle,' was the observation of the perplexed officer. 'That is only the key,' replied the seraiskier; 'turn over the paper, and you will see the battle.' The officer looked on the other side, and beheld the same Turk lying bleeding on his divan, with a Russian, Frenchman, and Englishman, standing over him, each armed with a dagger. 'Allah Kayrim! but your highness is right,' exclaimed the officer; 'these sketches give a more correct idea of Christian faith and honour, than all our minute and laboured plans of the battle.'"

Those who consult this volume for infor-

mation respecting the government, and aims and hopes of the Turks, will find it scattered over the four hundred and odd pages; and when they have weighed it, they will be disposed to think the writer has said little that has not been said before: it is otherwise with his social, and domestic, and mercantile sketches; they are from the life, and full of interest.

*Histoire Politique de l'Eglise.* [Political History of the Church.] By M. A. de Vidaillan. Paris: Duféy & Vezard; London, Dulau & Co.

The opinions maintained by some of the most popular writers in France and Germany are so novel and strange, that they may, perhaps, startle English readers, whom the conventional sobriety in discussion established in England, has little prepared for the boldness of investigation displayed by the transcendental philosophers; and which characterized our own scholars in the seventeenth century. In such cases we claim the protection of the plea by which the first translators of Newton sheltered themselves from the Inquisition, "*alienam coacti sumus gerere personam*,"—we are the interpreters, not the authors of these opinions.

It is not easy to give an adequate notion of the literary revolution which the introduction of the Kantian philosophy has effected in France; every subject has felt its influence: the stubborn facts of history, and the speculations of enthusiasm, have been equally subjected to its laws; Alexander subverting the Persian empire at Arbela, and Diogenes rolling his tub in Corinth, Napoleon crossing the Alps, and Robert Owen lecturing in Gray's Inn Road, are all but parts of a complicated machinery which works out the succession of ideas and the development of intellect. Sceptical France convulsed Europe, notwithstanding the inherent coldness and repulsiveness of doubt; and there is strong probability that the new creed, whose principles are peculiarly calculated to nurture enthusiasm, and, perhaps, a spirit of propagandism, is destined to have no small influence on the future history of Europe. It is, therefore, important to have the principles of this creed rightly interpreted, in order that its merits may be known and its tendency investigated, before we determine whether we shall tranquilly survey its development, and aid its progress, or—boldly resist its extension. No better textbook could we desire than the one before us, since it shows the practical application of the new philosophy both to faith and fact.

M. de Vidaillan assumes that the following are admitted axioms: Every truth is universal; Christianity is a truth. It has existed under various forms of civilization, accommodating itself to all; and as intelligence has increased, its doctrines have become more fully developed, and its influence proportionally strengthened. At its first promulgation it could not be fully comprehended without miraculous aid; error was the consequence of partial conception, and self-interested men introduced into the notion of Christianity exclusive doctrines, which limited its universality and, of course, impaired its truth. The universality of the Christian doctrine lies wholly in its spiritual nature; exclusion and error arose from connecting it with the ma-

terial world, since it substituted for the Infinite and the Eternal, the Limited and the Temporal. When this change was made, the church began to have a political existence, and consequently a political history. The author then proceeds to examine the records of ecclesiastical history, with a constant reference to the principles from which, according to his view, the political existence of the church was immediately derived. Some of his results are novel and striking, though not convincing; indeed, the application of his abstract principles to the complicated particulars of history, must, in the nature of things, have frequently exposed him to error.

General persecutions (he then goes on to argue,) did not commence before the Christian church began to assume a political form, and, therefore, they were not wholly unprovoked.

The Christians, in ridiculing the pagan ceremonies, and endeavouring by every means to make proselytes, displayed more zeal than prudence; from the very beginning they aspired to force the speedy adoption of their creed; impressed with the idea that they alone read in heaven the glories of the God that they announced, scarcely had they emerged from their caverns when they coveted the temples, as we shall find them in a future age ambitious of thrones. This inconsiderate zeal provoked persecutions, of which the first was, perhaps, an act of justice under atrocious forms; but the example it gave was the more dangerous for the rising religion. If the Christians, instead of opposing religious customs, sanctioned by five centuries of victory and the conquest of the world, had followed the precepts of their own doctrines, and obeyed the laws of charity rather than the spirit of proselytism, the Romans would not have been terrified by an innovation, which they would not have troubled themselves to investigate.

Persecution drew closer the links between pastors and their flocks: consequently, when the storm had blown over, it left the clergy in possession of new power, which they found means both to retain and extend. That this assumption of authority, expressly forbidden in the Gospels, and discountenanced both by the example and precept of the Apostles, began at a very early period, appears (argues M. de Vidaillan), from the prohibition being renewed in the twenty-fourth of those canons, usually called Apostolical. He then passes on to the age of Constantine, a tyrant whom it has pleased too many writers to describe as a Christian hero. Like Henry VIII. he supported pure religion more from hatred to Rome than love of truth; his conduct was a proof that his heart was untouched, and there is reason to believe that he never would have given support to the Christian teachers, any more than Henry to the Reformers, had Rome granted him toleration of guilt. Artful men represented to him, that extending the power of the church would expiate his crimes. The authority he delegated to the prelates, before the close of his reign began to rival his own. The following anecdote is given as proof how rapidly corruption had spread among them:—

Alexander, bishop of Constantinople, said on his death-bed to his clergy, "If your design is to choose as my successor the most virtuous bishop, elect Paul: but if you wish to secure the credit of the most able courtier, elect Macedonius." History tells us too plainly which candidate was preferred. When a bishop, on the bed of

death, so far mistook his mission and forgot his duty as to give sacrilegious counsel, the passion for temporal power must have been more deeply fixed in his bosom than the convictions of faith: pretensions, sustained with such fatal and invariable constancy, must one day triumph, and virtue no longer find an asylum in hearts devoured by such culpable ambition.

The fall of the Western Empire, M. de Vidaillan is of opinion, necessarily increased the political power of the church, simply because its establishment continued to preserve its form during the interval between the overthrow of the imperial authority and the formation of new governments; it could, consequently, sell protection to the people, and useful alliance to princes. This was an advantage too obvious not to be discovered; and we find, he says, generally that the newest horde of barbarians was that which received episcopal support. The bishops aided the Goths against the Italians, the Franks against the Gauls, the Saxons against the Britons, and the Normans against the Saxons. In no case was there a question raised about the justice of the cause; the only inquiry was, which of the combatants will most effectually serve the church.

In process of time all traces of Christianity, as a universal truth, were obliterated; it existed not for the world—not for its professors—scarcely for the clergy, but almost exclusively for the pope. The first antagonizing principle, which threatened the prevailing dogma, was the desire of efficient civil government; and this soon brought into collision the successors of Charlemagne and St. Peter. As was natural, resistance inflamed the clerical autocrats, and they stated their claims with an extravagance, destined to make the resistance more determinate and extensive. The correspondence between Boniface VIII. and Philip the Fair, exhibits the opposite principles in a strong light:—

Boniface, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to Philip king of France; Fear God and keep his commandments. Learn that you are subject to us both in spiritual and temporal matters. Collation to benefices and prebends belongs to you in no respect. If you have ward of any benefices, during the vacancy, occasioned by the death of the incumbents, you are obliged to reserve the fruits for their successors. If you have bestowed any benefices, we declare this collation null *de jure*, and we revoke all that has been done *de facto*. Those who believe otherwise shall be reputed heretics.

The blunder of Boniface was, that he stated the dogma of papal power too broadly and nakedly. Philip had the courage to send the following reply:—

Philip, by the grace of God, king of the French, to Boniface, the pretended pope, little or no greeting. May it please your Mighty Folly to understand, that we are subject to no one in temporal matters; that the collation to vacant sees and benefices belongs to us in right of our crown; that our gifts in this respect are valid both for the past and future; and that we will maintain with all our power those whom we have provided and shall provide with benefices. Those who believe otherwise shall be reputed by us fools or idiots.

It is well known that the contest terminated in favour of the royal prerogative, and this, consequently, was the first important step towards the Reformation. Thenceforward avarice, rather than ambition, was the prevailing vice in the Holy See. The resi-

dence of the popes at Avignon accelerated the overthrow of their supremacy; that city had none of the historic illusions with which Rome glorified absurd pretensions, and every step which an irrational dogma takes downwards is irretrievable; *vestigia nulla retrorsum* is the motto of folly. Then followed the great schism of the West; and the vices of the popes were now become so notorious, that the new idea of purifying the system and the faith spread with unparalleled rapidity. From this time to the age of Luther, the hopes of Christendom were fixed upon assembling a general council, which, it was supposed, would remedy abuses:—that is, the idea of Reform was conceived long before circumstances produced its development. In England, indeed, Wicliffe, and his followers the Lollards, made a spirited stand, but they were in advance of their age; and, besides, they do not seem clearly to have understood their own designs. It has been supposed, with some appearance of probability, that Lollardism was a traditional form of Saxon Christianity, and that its professors were opposed equally to the papal supremacy and the tyranny of the Normans. Certain it is, that the names of most of the Lollards prove them to have been of Saxon descent. In such a case their idea of truth could not have been universal, but must have been rendered partial and exclusive by an admixture of political feelings.

The idea of Reform, conceived by the Hussites, was crude, narrow, and impracticable; it was precisely that which Knox and his followers adopted at a later period, and was little more than a transference of the papal power to the irresponsible class of preachers.

Equalling the excess of the pontifical usurpations by the excess of their rigour, they claimed that every noble should forfeit his rights who had been guilty of a mortal sin; they saw not that this imprudence alienated the nobility, and they made enemies of men eager to acquire independence under the pretext of their religion.

When Constantinople fell beneath the Turks, the popes discovered that one spell-word, which formerly had been omnipotent, had lost all its efficiency; they could not get up a new crusade, though imminent danger was threatened by foes more formidable to Christendom than the Saracens. A more fatal blow to their influence was the diffusion of Greek literature by the Byzantine refugees, and the discovery of printing. But when Innocent VIII. took a bribe from Bajazet to retain Zizim in prison, and actually refused possession of Jerusalem, which had cost Europe so much blood and treasure, preferring to such a prize his own personal gains, it was clear that the papacy had torn away the veil which still concealed its weakness.

At this interesting period the second volume terminates; but we trust that M. de Vidaillan will, at no distant period, furnish us with a continuation. His peculiar opinions do not lead to any perversion of historical truths. It was necessary for the development of his theory, that all his facts should be stated broadly, and they are so; his inferences from them are open to discussion, perhaps are designed to provoke it; so much the better—discussion is the best means of eliciting truth. From such a hand, the



history of the Reformation is sure to receive justice, because he will not regard the parties in the contest, so much as the principles that were opposed; and he will have no reason to hide the virtues and vices of individuals, because personality is indifferent to the question of the struggle between opposite ideas.

*Die Belagerung von Candia.* [The Siege of Candia.] By A. Von Tromlitz. Stuttgart: Hallberger; London, Black & Young.

THE writings of Von Tromlitz have just been collected and published at Dresden in one-and-thirty volumes! We had made up our minds to give a notice of the 'Siege of Candia,' when we chanced to alight on this extensive edition; and it is well we had, or we might have been perplexed in the endless variety it offers, and a little soured by a fierce attack on the critics; one tale being specially devoted to an exposure of the gentle craft. The thirty-one volumes contain four historical novels, and a vast number of short tales of various countries and almost all ages, down to the glorious week of July 1830; but some are merely fictitious, and these are generally inferior. Tromlitz's talent lies in the working out of historical characters, in the details of private as well as public life, in perfect consistency with and development of the little that history has preserved of them; and the happy adaptation of the other persons, with whom he connects them, to the necessary influences of contemporary and compatriot opinions, feelings, and manners. In the invention of a story, he is less felicitous; and, indeed, some of his best productions are little more than fancifully developed portions of biography, enlivened with a few love adventures. We have, therefore, the less reluctance in confining ourselves, according to our original intention, to the 'Siege of Candia,' one of his latest historical novels. In this work the characters of the Venetian Commandant Morosini, of his French allies, of his Greek subjects, and of his Turkish enemies, are cleverly contrasted; but to display this would require a greater length of extract than we can afford; we shall, therefore, make our translations with little reference thereto, and begin with an almost introductory scene, which will require only a word or two of explanation. Helène Panos, beloved by her countryman Nikola Conduri, and by a Frenchman Henri d'Aubuisson, is attached to the latter, and has, for a long year, been hourly expecting his return from France, with an armament for the relief of Candia. She sits all day in her mother's garden, in the small neighbouring island of Standia, looking over the sea. At length,—

The flags of the fleet that was to bring him waved in the near roadstead, and, strange to say, when thus near to happiness, her throbbing heart for the first time trembled.

Suddenly she beheld Nikola treading with rapid steps the path from the harbour. He hurried towards the wall, where he might have perceived her. His countenance, as he drew near, boded her no good, for he was serene and smiling—shuddering, Helène awaited him. "Rejoice with me!" he shouted to her from a distance. Henri d'Aubuisson is there; I have seen him—spoken with him; I bring you his greeting, if you will accept it from my mouth." Joyous as though the heavens had opened before her clouded eye, the maiden hastened to

meet Nikola. "Have you spoken to him?" she asked.

"I saw him as, like an experienced warrior, he regulated an hundred things about the disembarkation. He recognized me, welcomed me more friendly than of old, and said hurriedly, 'Bear my greeting to Helène.'"

"And said he nothing more?" asked the agitated maiden.

"Nothing more," returned Nikola coldly. "An officer has so much to do, to care for, in the landing of troops, how can he think of the toyings of love?" He ceased. The virgin looked thoughtfully down! "Helène!" he thus at length broke silence, "when a tempest gathers over the hallowed walls of Arcadis; when the thunder rolls, and the forked lightnings, those fearful heralds of divine wrath, strike upon Ida, then do I kneel down, and pray to God. Do you the like this day; though it be only the thunder of artillery greeting the auxiliary fleet that roll from the walls of Candia, pray to God that he strengthen you." This said, he left the still meditating virgin, and returned to the harbour.

"Must I pray to God for strength?" said, Helène to herself, after a long silence. "Do I then so much need heavenly support when he is near me? What should those dark words mean?—what the joyful, the almost malicious smile on Nikola's countenance, that was wont to look gloomy and inimical at the sight of D'Aubuisson? He spoke to him, and sends me only a greeting!—But why torment myself? Is not Nikola made up of contradictions? May he not have reconciled himself to D'Aubuisson upon his returning to fight for religion and for Candia?"

These doubts were racking her excited mind, when her mother advanced along the garden's myrtle walk. With uneasy looks she approached, and her eye dwelt anxiously upon her daughter. "The French fleet is arrived!" she thus at length spoke. "There float their ships' ensigns. Is he returned with them, Helène?"

"He is returned with them."

"And thy countenance so serious? Does the hope of seeing him leave thee so cold?" asked the mother.

"I received the intelligence through Nikola," rejoined Helène; "and what that bird of ill-omen announces to me with gladness looks for me but never fraught with evil. Therefore do I fear."

"And what is there to fear if he be returned?" the mother asked. "When the boat carried him from this shore to the ships, when he set sail for France, I deemed we should never see him again. False and dissembling are the French nation; in love they resemble the moth that flutters nightly from flower to flower, and, as morning dawns, retreats to its leafy den. They are a promise-breaking nation, flattering and caressing, playing only with love. When they have despoiled the rose of her freshness, they laughingly press the thorn into the woful heart."

"Mother!" the astonished Helène interrupted her; "you have indeed always mistrusted his fidelity; but never did I hear you so passionately condemn the whole French nation."

The mother was silent. \* \* \*

"Mother!" exclaimed the virgin, and her face shone with a hallowed fire; "Fear not for me—days of contempt I can never know: never will you see my proud heart thus bowed down. In battle I have gladly confronted death, to show my beloved that I was worthy of him, and believe you I would not offer a similar sacrifice to my pride? Fear not for me. Resolutely I turn my eyes towards the harbour, whence my fate, joyous or sad, must come." With these words, she bent her eyes upon the road that led from the harbour to their residence, screamed

suddenly, and rushed out; but immediately returned in silence, leaned against a pillar, and pressing her hand upon her throbbing heart, murmured low, but not inaudibly for her mother, "Calmly, beat calmly, heart."

The mother, who now looked anxiously in the same direction, saw a figure, wrapped in a cloak, approaching the footpath. Soon she recognized Henri d'Aubuisson, who walked forward slowly, and, as it seemed, immersed in deep thought. "Command thyself, Helène!" she implored the maiden, who stood as though lifeless beside her. "Curb the wings of rapture, that they strike thee not dead in their flight. See, he gives thee time for recollection; his step is slow and hesitating."

"That is not the rapid flight of love," said Helène sadly; "so creeps fear. But whether this hour bring me rapture or misery, I will bear either firmly."

With these words she left the wall, and, followed by her mother, went slowly to meet her beloved.

He, when he perceived her, redoubled his speed, and quickly stood before her. She fell into his arms—he felt the throbbing of her heart. "Helène!" he exclaimed, gazing upon her with soul-fraught sympathy. "My dear, my beloved Helène, do I once more behold thee? Again clasp thee to my breast? Is it, indeed, thyself? Yes;" and his eye dwelt inquiringly upon her; "those are the lovely features, that is the look, and these," he went on, as, with a trembling hand, he softly raised her parted tresses from her brow, "these are the brown locks."

"My Henri!" exclaimed the maiden, looking up, "These drops that fall upon my brow, do they flow for joy or for sorrow? Speak!"

D'Aubuisson clasped her wildly, but silently, to his breast; Helène disengaged herself from his arms, and again asked, "Do they flow for joy or for sorrow?"

In lieu of answer D'Aubuisson tore the cloak from his shoulders. Helène uttered one loud shriek, tremblingly recoiled a step, gazed with darkly rolling eyes upon the mute object before her, then grasped her mother's hand, and coldly said, "Come, mother."

D'Aubuisson detained her. She turned towards him. "Knight of Malta," said she, bitterly, "what would you with me? That white cross upon your breast has opened an impassable gulph between us." She turned away, and went with her mother. D'Aubuisson did not follow; his eye only accompanied her.

"Yet not for ever shall this cross divide us," said he, as she vanished from his sight behind a jessamine bush. "Yet shalt thou rest fondly upon my bosom, lovely, noble maiden."

Notwithstanding the Maltese cross, Helène returns to Candia with D'Aubuisson and Nikola, and, as before, in male attire, accompanies the former into every scene of danger, bearing a black crucifix by way of standard. In an injudicious sally, provoked by the intemperate gallantry and impatient insubordination of the French auxiliaries, D'Aubuisson falls, severely wounded; Helène compels Nikola to superintend his safe removal into the town, remaining behind herself, to insure the protection of their retreat. She is overpowered, and about to be killed, when the interference of a young and influential Turk saves her life, and she is carried a prisoner to the camp of the besiegers. In the evening she is led to the tent of her captor and preserver, and we translate the scene that there ensues.

Opposite to the entrance, upon cushions, lay a richly dressed young Turk, with a young lioness at his feet; beside him stood a dervise, whose long gown of grey cloth, girt with a lea-

thern belt, and sandals fastened on with straps, presented a strange contrast to the youth's splendid apparel. Both looked silently at Helène, who, with downcast eyes, stood in anxious expectation before them.

"How strong are the succours newly arrived from France?" asked the dervise, in Greek.

"I know not," answered Helène.

"Speak truth, Christian!" said the dervise, with a severe look, but in mild accents. At these words a ray of light shot through the maiden, and she firmly said, "Sir, I thank you for reminding me that even in death I must adhere to truth. I do know their strength, know all my native city's means of defence, know every mine, every gun; but far be it from me to become a traitor to my religion and my country. Neither tortures nor death shall draw from me a confession hurtful to the afflicted city."

The dervise looked silently at the Turk, who, attentively examining Helène, had not yet spoken. The old man then turned again to her, and smiled, and said, "Words are often bolder than deeds. Ho! Slaves!" he called in Turkish, and from all sides they flocked in. "Take this Christian dog, and bastinado the soles of his feet until his obstinacy be softened and his tongue loosed." The slaves would have seized Helène, but she drew her concealed dagger. "Dare not to touch me!" she cried, brandishing her weapon, which she pointed, however, rather at her own breast than at any of her assailants. Upon a hint of the Turk's the slaves disappeared; and the dervise, whose eye rested penetratingly upon Helène, said, kindly, "Throw down that dagger, and come nearer."

"No!" returned Helène, with serene composure, "I cannot part with my dagger; it is my security against a shameful death, and therefore remains in my hand."

"Then sheath it, audacious lad!" said the dervise, laughing; "for it is, in truth, unseemly to confront thy master with a drawn dagger."

"I acknowledge no master, save my God!" she solemnly rejoined, still hoping, by her *hardihood*, to bring upon herself the death she sought. But the dervise remained unmoved, observing her as heedfully as the young Turk.

"Thou beardless boy!" the old man at length began, "conceal thy weapon. My admonition is for thine own advantage."

"With the admonition I will comply, though not with the command," she replied, and sheathed her dagger. But scarcely had she done so when the Turk sprang abruptly from his cushion, and vehemently addressed the dervise in Turkish.

"Mustapha!" the old man reproachfully interrupted him; the Turk appeared to be calmed, pressed his reprover's hand, and resumed his seat; but his eye dwelt fixedly and ardently upon Helène.

The dervise gazed inquisitively at her; took her hand, and looked into her animated eyes. "Thou art a woman," said he, gently; "an unhappy one, needing our compassion. Well for thee that thou hast fallen into the hands of Mustapha Kiupergli, the son of our mighty Vizier, who emulates his noble father's magnanimity, and is a man. Be not uneasy, Christian, the dervise Abdallah is the father of the unfortunate, and has taught his pupil to be their brother. Fear not the burning gaze with which he now regards thee; accustomed to the gratification of every wish, he requires time to master his passions; fear him not."

"Thy name, beautiful maiden?" Mustapha now asked in Greek, and rose from his seat.

"Helène," she returned, and her eye met the Turk's fiery glance.

"Helène!" said he, "remain with me; grant me the happiness of calling the fairest of the

Houris mine, grant me that happiness! To behold thy starry eyes shall suffice me. Whatever thy heart desires, whatever thy lips of roses wish, shall be thine!"

"Sir!" said the virgin instantly, and her eye looked kindly upon the youth's stately form, "then give me liberty or death!"

"That is asking the impossible, Christian," said Mustapha; "either liberty or death would separate thee from me."

"And so it must be," said Helène, with emotion. "I own thy goodness, but can have no other choice. This old man, who now smiles upon thee so contentedly, so affectionately, has surely taught thee to hold thy plighted word sacred. Give me the one or the other."

"And should I give thee death?" asked Mustapha.

"Then would I bless thee, and my last sigh should be a prayer to the God of the Christians for thee. But no! my last breath were still *his*."

"Whose?" asked Mustapha, disturbed.

"His who has given my heart freedom, and with it death;" she solemnly answered.

"I understand thee not, Helène," said Mustapha, and his cheek began to redden.

"In death I must, perforce, think of *him* who upon earth has been dearest to me, and not of thee," rejoined the maiden.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Turk, and snatched the jewel-hilted poniard from his girdle. At this ejaculation the lioness, who had hitherto lain quietly upon the carpet, started up, gnashing her teeth, and the dervise crying "Down, savage beast!" stepped between Helène and Mustapha. The lioness, obedient to the command, laid herself down again, but kept her eyes fixed upon her master, who, after brief consideration, offered his dagger to Helène, with a friendly look, and said, "Thou seest, Christian, how much I still resemble the lion—that I have not yet quite relinquished the wild habits of earlier time. Thanks to thee, Abdallah, who hast at least taught me to desire to be a man, that I have but seldom to blush for such actions. Take this dagger, Helène, which, in blind jealousy, I drew upon thee, and give me thine in its stead. In memory of thee will I constantly wear it; and should my hand clutch it in sudden rage, the thought of thee shall make me gentle, even as the look with which thy heavenly eyes now regard me. Take the dagger, and with it thy liberty."

The reader may, perhaps, think that Tromlitz has painted his Moslems more like the chivalrous and polished Moors of Spain, than the savage Turcoman tribes who established the Ottoman Empire in the East of Europe, and gradually wrung from Venice her Grecian dominions: but it is to be remembered, that the Turks, during the period of their glory, if rude and fierce, were generous; that the Kiupergli were a family highly distinguished for talents and virtues; and that a life of retirement and religious contemplation will, in every creed, and amongst every race, produce fanatics, hypocrites, or such men as the dervise Abdallah, according to the materials it has to work upon. We had thought to have given the generous self-devotion with which the rejected and jealous Nikola attempts Helène's rescue; but the reader already knows that she is safe, and the scene is less effective than the preceding; we shall therefore here close our account of the Siege of Candia, and, for the present, take leave of A. Von Tromlitz.

*Nixus Plantarum.* Auctore Joh. Lindley Phil. Doct. Prof. Lond. Ridgway.

THERE is much good sense and a proportion of indifferent Latin in this little pamphlet. Why has Professor Lindley reverted to the old and exploded custom of clothing his ideas in one of the most confined languages he could select—a language which, so far from affording facility of expression, cannot supply more than *one* out of the five names by which he distinguishes his primary classes? If he will have a dead language, let him for the future write in Greek.

We turn with pleasure from the form to the substance—from the language to the doctrine, which, as far as we are able to judge, appears sound, ingenious, and philosophical. It is an attempt to found a new arrangement of plants on physiological principles. The systems of Linnæus and Jussieu were notoriously inadequate to the present state of botanical science. They were overwhelmed beneath the quantity of new orders discovered since their institution, and which obstinately refused to bend to their rules. Partial emendations were attempted by De Candolle, Agardh, Reichenbach, Schultz, some of whom made matters a little better—others, as Professor Lindley thinks, a little worse. It became, therefore, evident, either that nature was incongruous in her vegetable productions, or that the systems hitherto invented to represent their affinities were erroneous. In former days, people might have hesitated which of these conclusions to adopt. When Vesalius showed that Galen's Anatomy was learned from dissecting monkeys, not men, by the fact of his having described in the latter a bone peculiar to the former and other inferior animals, Sylvius, then Professor of Medicine at Paris, undertook Galen's defence, and when pressed hard by undeniable facts, at last declared "that he would rather believe the structure of the human body to have changed, than Galen to have erred!" Fortunately, we think more of nature and less of authority now-a-days, so that we readily join Professor Lindley in the latter conclusion—*scil.* that the systems are erroneous.

The next point to be ascertained, is, why they are erroneous, and how far this error extends. With respect to the Linnæan system, the question was easily answered. His arrangement of plants depended altogether on the consideration of a single part—doubtless a part of much consequence, but still a single part. Now, this led exactly to the same result as an attempt to arrange animals by their teeth—it separated some that were nearly allied, associated others between which the affinity was remote; but, from the importance of the character and its general influence on the rest of the organization, a great proportion of the classification appeared correct, and, being founded on a principle obvious and easy of apprehension, it soon became popular. No one, however, could be more alive to its defects than Linnæus himself. He particularly designated it as an *Artificial System*, which he proposed merely for the facility it would afford in the acquirement and disposition of botanical knowledge, until this should have so far increased as to enable its votaries to construct another more strictly consonant with nature. The fragments which he has left of a natural system, show that this was an object which



he himself had constantly in view. Yet, with all its defects, its extreme simplicity will ever recommend the Linnæan Artificial System; and, for our parts, we see none better for persons who desire an acquaintance with plants only so far as to enable them to recognize those in their own gardens and country, without aspiring to more extensive and philosophic views in botanical science.

Jussieu perceived the defects of his great predecessor, and, rightly estimating their cause, determined, that to form a natural method, plants should be arranged, not from a consideration of one part, however important, but from a knowledge and comparison of their entire structure. Examining then in its different modes, reproduction, which seems the first and great object of vegetable life, he grounded on it his primary division, distinguishing those plants which were devoid of embryo or sexual system, by the term *Inembryonate* or *Acotyledones*, while *Embryonate* included the other two grand divisions of *Monocotyledones* and *Dicotyledones*, in which the embryo existed with *one* or *two* cotyledons or seed-lobes. The primary division here is perfectly *natural*, because it is founded on the *nature* of the reproduction of the plant; but his subdivision of *Embryonate* plants into *Monocotyledones* and *Dicotyledones*, is not so universally correct, inasmuch as it depends on anatomy alone. Thus wheat, though in all its other characters belonging to the gramineæ, a natural order of *Monocotyledones*, has actually two cotyledons, and we are obliged to resort to the circumstance of their alternate position, to obtain a character which shall distinguish it from a proper *dicotyledonous* plant, in which those parts are always opposite to each other. In his next step, however, Jussieu diverged much more widely from his own principles, for we find him determining his fifteen general classes, on characters almost as arbitrary as those of Linnæus, which he had rejected, and doing it on the mistaken idea, that the value of such characters could be established *à priori*, and was therefore equal in all cases. It was thus that he assumed the position of certain parts of the flower, with regard to the ovary, as sufficiently important to form classic distinctions, and thus arose his characters *Epigynesis*, *Perigynesis* and *Hypogynesis*, of the two latter of which we may say with Professor Lindley, "characteres equidem utiles, et pro generibus vel etiam ordinibus stabiliendis graves, sed vix affinitatum ulteriorum indicia, nec nisi rarissime ad subdivisiones classium idonei."

With a view to remedying these defects, Professor Lindley has proposed his new system: and we receive it with considerable pleasure, hoping that from its own merits, which are numerous, and the peculiar influential situation of the author, it may be the means of introducing amongst our rising botanical students a more philosophic mode of viewing the science, and may thus place them on the high way to future discoveries of still greater importance. The present pamphlet contains little more than the author's views in a tabular form: in many parts of it, where those views are peculiar, we feel the want of explanatory matter. As, however, we presume that this will in due time be sent forth, we reserve our remarks for that opportunity, and shall, for the present, content ourselves with a sketch of the

Professor's principles, and exemplify them by the table containing his first division.

He sets out by inquiring what characters are essential, and determines "that those founded on physiological considerations, such as the presence or absence of sex, the mode of germination or growth, and the internal anatomy of trunks (?) are second to none; that all others, whether derived from the structure of the flower, of the fruit, of the seed, or of any other part, are now of greater, now of less importance, in different parts of the vegetable kingdom, for causes hitherto completely unknown. Thus, *Epigynesis* is an absolute, and evidently an essential character in the flowers of the order *Compositæ*; it is of less importance in *Ericææ*, as *Vaccinium* will prove, and of none in *Saxifragææ*." Such characters, however, may be of much use in establishing the minor divisions, and for these, the Professor proposes employing them. The minor divisions are what the Professor denominates *Nixus Plantarum*, a term, we confess ourselves totally unable to translate: nor are we sure that, after consulting all our dictionaries, our botanical glossaries, and our botanical friends, we fully comprehend what the Professor means. It appears, however, to answer in some respect to "relationship" or "affinities;" though when we look at the Professor's arrangement into 'Classes—subclasses—*cohortes*—*nixus* et ordines,' we think it better at once to acknowledge ourselves ignorant of the principles of his nomenclature.

To return, however, to the system—here is the primary division of plants, said to be founded on the above principles;—

CLASSES.	
Sexuales	I. EXOGENÆ angiospermæ.
	II. GYMNOSERMÆ.
	III. ENDOGENÆ.
	IV. RHIZANTHÆÆ.
V. ESEXUALES.	

Now, we say it with great deference, there appears to us a want of order in this table. Has not the Professor also deserted his own principles, in employing anatomical characters prior to physiological? But we promised to omit remarks until the Professor's views should be more fully developed. There is one curious point in which he agrees with Fries and others of the German school, which is, that the affinities of plants are to be expressed, not by placing them in a direct line, but in circles more or less wide; and as this will doubtless interest our botanical readers, we shall conclude by describing one of these circles as formed by the primary classes above named;—again assuring Professor Lindley how highly we estimate his labours, and how anxious we are to see them continued and extended.

The arrangement is of this form:—



in which circle the *Exogene* pass into the *Endogene* by the *Smilacææ*, into *Gymnospermæ* by *piperacææ*, the *Gymnospermæ* into *Esexuales* by *equisetum* and *cycas*, the *Esexuales* into the *Rhizanthææ* by *fungi*,

the *Rhizanthææ* into *Endogene* by the *aroidææ*;—thus the circle is complete.

Though not directly connected with the subject, we must add one word, to notice the handsome manner in which Mr. Lindley has retired from his contest with Mr. Brown, respecting the affinity of the *Resedacææ* with the *Capparidææ* or *Datisacææ*, on which subject a paper by Professor Henslow is in the forthcoming number of the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*. Mr. Lindley acknowledges himself in error, adopts Mr. Brown's ideas, and pays a handsome and well merited compliment to the learning and judgment of his antagonist. A scientific dispute, carried on in such a spirit, can only have for its object the discovery of truth, and is to us, in common with all lovers of science, a source of the purest and sincerest gratification.

*The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée.* By General Dermoncourt. London: Bull & Churton.

WHEN *The Times* did us the honour to quote so largely from our notice of this work, the editor characterized the work itself as a most interesting novel. We let this description pass without comment, presuming that our political contemporary thought it not becoming in him to allow the Duchess to go forth as a heroine, on the mere strength of her bold and insane daring; but, on Saturday last, when acknowledging the receipt of the original work, he observed:—

"We do not know whether we shall increase or diminish its popularity as a romance by giving it its real title, but truth compels us to state that it is as much a history of the late war in La Vendée as 'Waverley' is a history of the last rebellion of 1745. Nay, we shall go further, and state that General Dermoncourt, who calls himself on the title-page its author, no more wrote the book than he wrote the *Commentaries* of Cæsar. The General, no doubt, was an agent in arresting the Duchess, and had collected a number of facts, which, when he quarrelled with the government, he thought he might turn to account. He therefore communicated his materials to M. Alexandre Dumas, well known for his works of fiction, who has built upon them a very interesting narrative, and very clever dramatic scenes, in which there is more of imagination than truth. The book ought to lose nothing by this account of its concoction, for it is very amusing and very well written, and nobody but a simpleton could have thought it a true narrative, though its secret history had never been revealed."

Now, the point in this argument we do not very clearly comprehend. That such a man as Alexandre Dumas was likely, with the materials furnished by the General, to make a highly interesting narrative, is very true, and for that especial purpose he was employed; but, unless the facts are pure creations, and the documents false, which is not asserted, nothing here stated can affect the authenticity of the work. There is hardly an English volume, professedly written by a military man of rank and fortune, that has not been so prepared. It is pretty generally known, that the Campaigns of the Earl of Londonderry were got up by the Rev. Mr. Gleig; that the Earl of Munster's Travels were prepared by another *littérateur*; that a scientific officer revised the Travels of the Landers; that Mariner's Tonga Islands was written by Dr. Martin; or, more notorious still, that Captain Cook's ever-famous Voyages were written by Dr. Hawkesworth: yet it never entered the head of man to think, that these works were on that account less authentic. How could old General Dermoncourt—a veteran of a hundred battles, and who, probably, in his whole life never read one-half as many volumes—

write such a work? But he could, and did, furnish the facts and documents. Of all the literary men in Paris, M. Dumas was the one best suited for the purpose—not because he was “well known for his works of fiction,” but because he had been personally employed on a special mission in La Vendée, as appears in the very outset of this volume. But, enough; as *The Times* acknowledges—however the book may have been concocted—“it is very amusing, and very well written:” and with this general commendation we take leave of the subject. We had, indeed, intended to quote some further extracts, but there can be no doubt that, by this time, the work itself is being read all over the kingdom. We may, however, observe, that Mr. Bull’s edition is a very handsome one, and contains portraits of the Duchess and of the General, and a view of the Chateau of La Penis-sière, where, our readers will remember, the desperate battle was fought; besides an Appendix, containing copies of the papers seized in the wine bottle at La Chalière.

*Sir Walter Scott’s Poetical Works.* Vol. VI. Edinburgh: Cadell.

This volume contains the inimitable ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ together with various ballads and songs of German or Scottish extraction. The prose introduction written in April, 1830, was revised by Sir Walter Scott in the following year, when he also made some corrections in the poem and additions to the notes; the work is now printed from his copy. The editor regrets that the original manuscript has not been preserved; we know not where the poem is, but the introduction, the poetic one, we mean, was lately in the hands of Mr. Owen Rees, along with the manuscript of ‘Lalla Rookh.’

“We are thus denied the advantage,” says Mr. Lockhart, “of comparing throughout, the author’s various readings, which in the case of ‘Marmion,’ ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ ‘The Lord of the Isles,’ &c., are often highly curious and instructive.” Those parts which the judgment of Scott corrected in the verse, seem not to be very numerous; some of the notes have been enlarged, others have been added by the taste of the editor, either from the stores of his own fancy and memory, or the dissertations of critics and antiquarians. In short, all has been done that taste could well do, to make the work acceptable. ‘Melrose, from the Tweed, and ‘Newark Tower, from the banks of the Yarrow,’ are in Turner’s happiest manner. With the ‘Ballad of the Noble Moringer,’ we find the following affecting note: “It was composed during Sir Walter Scott’s severe and alarming illness of April, 1819, and dictated in the intervals of exquisite pain, to his daughter, Sophia, and his friend, William Laidlaw.” Nor is the note less interesting, which apologizes for the following line in the first canto of the ‘Lay’:

Should tame the unicorn’s pride.

“This line, of which the metre appears defective, would have its full complement of feet, according to the pronunciation of the poet himself; as all who were familiar with his utterance of the letter *r*, will testify.” This allusion will moisten other eyes than ours.

*A Memoir on the Civilization of the Tribes near Dalagôa Bay, &c.* Submitted to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, by W. D. Cooley, Esq. [Not published.]

The very able author of this able memoir proposes that an exploring expedition should be sent into that portion of South-Western Africa, the inhabitants of which have advanced farther in civilization than is generally known. He proposes that the expedition should start from Dalagôa Bay towards the country of the Ma-

quana, where he believes that a very profitable commerce might be opened. In favour of this project, it may be urged that the route is demonstrably safe; the country salubrious, the distance to be traversed not very great, the expense limited, a large return on the outlay very probable, and the advantages to ethnography, geography, and commerce, certain. We may probably return to this subject; on our present imperfect examination we feel disposed to recommend Mr. Cooley’s plan as the best yet proposed for a useful expedition to explore Southern Africa.

# ORIGINAL PAPERS

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.\*

[We have been favoured with this Sketch by Mr. Sandford Arnot, who was in habits of daily communication with the Rajah for years, both in India and in this country; and acted as his private secretary since his arrival in Europe as Envoy from the King of Delhi. The first part is a letter from the Rajah himself.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In conformity with the wish you have frequently expressed, that I should give you an outline of my life, I have now the pleasure to send you the following very brief sketch.

My ancestors were Brahmans of a high order, and from time immemorial were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about 140 years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandizement. His descendants ever since have followed his example, and, according to the usual fate of courtiers, with various success, sometimes rising to honour, and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor; sometimes exulting in success, sometimes miserable through disappointment. But my maternal ancestors being of the sacerdotal order by profession, as well as by birth, and of a family than which none holds a higher rank in that profession, have, up to the present day, uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, preferring peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition and all the allurements of worldly grandeur.

In conformity with the usage of my paternal race, and the wish of my father, I studied the Persian and Arabic languages; these being accomplishments indispensable to those who attached themselves to the Courts of the Mohammedan Princes; and, agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of Sanscrit, and the theological works written in it, which contain the body of Hindu literature, law, and religion.

When about the age of sixteen, I composed a manuscript, calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindus. This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within, but some beyond, the bounds of Hindustan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled and restored me to his favour; after which, I first saw, and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding

\* The title of Rajah was regularly conferred on him by his Majesty the King of Delhi, and recognized by the Government of his Britannic Majesty, whose Ministers always addressed him by this title. The East India Company and its Government abroad refused to adopt it; but as they have expressly pledged themselves to sanction titles conferred by the King of Delhi on those in his employ, there is no doubt that the deceased stood in this predicament, having rendered the King the important service of procuring him an income of 30,000*l.* per annum additional, from the Honourable Company’s Treasury.

them generally more intelligent, more steady, and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudices against them, and became inclined in their favour; feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead most speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants. I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity. My continued controversies with the Brahmans on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows, and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me with renewed force; and, through their influence with my family, my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

After my father’s death I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness; availing myself of the art of printing, now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me that I was at last deserted by every person, except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful. The ground which I took in all my controversies was not that of opposition to Brahmânism, but to a perversion of it; and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmans was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the ancient books and authorities, which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition and resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain by personal observation a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until my friends, who coincided in my sentiments, should be increased in number and strength. My expectations having at length been realized, in November, 1830, I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East India Company’s Charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India and its future government would be determined for many years to come; and an appeal to the King in Council against the abolition of the practice of burning Hindu widows, was to be heard before the Privy Council; and his Majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April 1831.

I hope you will excuse the brevity of this sketch, as I have no leisure at present to enter into particulars; and I remain, &c.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

The Rajah gave this brief sketch of his life, shortly before he proceeded to France in the autumn of last year (1832). And it may serve to give the public a general idea of his history, until a complete account of his life, character, and opinions, be compiled from the memoranda he has left behind him, his published works, and the recollections of his friends. But a few particulars in illustration of the above sketch, by one who was for years in habits of daily confidential communication with him, both before and since his arrival in England, may gratify the rational curiosity of the public, regarding this eminent and truly remarkable man.

His early renunciation of the superstition of his forefathers, having, as he intimates, injured his worldly circumstances, for he was actually disinherited on that ground, he attached him-

self to official employment under the British government. The little encouragement held out to natives of India, in that capacity, more especially in former times, is well known. The circumstance of his having held a public situation at all, in fact, has often been mentioned by his enemies as a subject of reproach; however, he attained the highest rank any native could possibly hold in that branch of the service, according to the existing laws. He was Dewan, or Head Native Revenue Officer of the district of Rungpoor; and to the practical experience and knowledge of public business he acquired in that office, the public are indebted for most of the valuable information he has afforded to the British government for the ameliorating of his country by the introduction of an improved Revenue and Judicial System in India. It led also to the formation of a friendship between him and Mr. Digby, (a gentleman in the East India Company's Civil Service, who was in the Revenue department in that quarter,) which had an important influence on his future life. They commenced a course of study together, in Oriental and European languages, (in which they seem to have mutually assisted each other,) which laid the foundation of that extensive knowledge of Western literature, the Rajah ultimately acquired.

The death of relations having enabled the Rajah to retire from active life, he settled in Calcutta, and devoted himself to the cultivation of literature. Sanscrit and Arabic learning he had studied deeply in his youth, and was profoundly versed in its metaphysical subtleties; Persian, the court language of the East, he knew as his mother tongue; he had read and tasted the beauties of its poets, and often recited with enthusiasm the mystic strains of Hafiz, and the fine moral maxims of Sadi. In the cool of the evening while driving round Calcutta under the mild rays of the moon, so ineffably beautiful in that climate, how delightful to hear him repeat the verses of his favourite bards! When the writer knew him in India, he was engaged in publishing a weekly journal in Persian, which he carried on for some years, until discouraged by the laws made against the press in 1823; a measure against which he took a more decided part than, perhaps, he ever took in political affairs, either before or since. For though his principles were liberal, and his love of freedom ardent; yet, having lived all his life under a government constitutionally despotic, he was too deeply impressed with its power to have fortitude to join in open opposition, except in extreme cases, when his feeling of danger was overcome by his sense of duty.

The energy of his mind was then chiefly directed to religion. Here, his talents and activity were displayed in their full vigour. He had long ago rejected the corrupt systems of the Brahmins, and exposed the pretended revelations of Mohammed; and defied their followers in the field of controversy. He proved, by deep research into the Hindû Scriptures, that the ancient doctrines of the Veds were pure theism; and that in so far they agreed with the religion of the Koran—whose author, as being the abolisher of the idolatry of the ancient Arabs, he looked upon as one of the greatest men that ever lived, and an eminent benefactor to mankind. The Rajah then directed his attention to the Christian Scriptures, which, to trace them to their source, he studied in the original; the Old Testament with a Jewish Rabbi, and the New, with Christian divines. After long and minute investigation, he came to the conclusion, that they also contained the doctrine of pure theism; and one of his Christian instructors, the Rev. William Adam, a man of talent, learning, and piety, who went over the same ground with him, came to the same decision, and from having been a Baptist Missionary, be-

came a Unitarian preacher. Thenceforward, the Rajah gave his whole support to the views of this sect. He compiled and printed an abstract of the moral precepts of the gospel, apart from its miracles and doctrines, which he published under the title of 'The Precepts of Jesus a Guide to Peace and Happiness.' This drew on him the censure of the Baptist Missionaries, at Serampore, who loudly condemned his Unitarian principles. He thence published a first, second, and final appeal to the public, in defence of 'The Precepts,' and of the doctrine of Christian Unitarianism, in reply, rejoinder and replication to the Missionaries, with a view to establish the position, that the Trinity, Atonement, and some other tenets of the orthodox divines, are not founded on, or found in the Scriptures.

During this period the whole powers of his mind were directed to the vindication of the doctrine of the unity of God. In this he maintained, the sacred books of Hindûs and Muslims, Jews and Christians, agreed; and that all apparent deviations from it were modern corruptions. He propagated it day and night, by word and writing, with the zeal of an apostle and the self-devotion of a martyr. He was ever ready to maintain it against all gainsayers; from the believer in thirty-three millions of gods to the denier of one: for both extremes are common in the East. The writer remembers finding him at his Garden House, near Calcutta, one evening, about seven o'clock, closing a dispute with one of the followers of Bûdh, who denied the existence of a deity. The Rajah had spent the whole day in the controversy without stopping for food, rest or refreshment, and rejoicing more in confuting one atheist than in triumphing over a hundred idolators: the credulity of the one he despised; the scepticism of the other he thought pernicious; for he was deeply impressed with the importance of religion to the virtue and happiness of mankind.

We come now to the last stage of his life, his residence in Europe. As, in India, his attention had been mainly devoted to religion, here it was directed to politics. He rather shunned than courted religious controversy, which might, if indulged in, have interfered with his political views. His first respect was shown to the Unitarians; he visited all their places of worship within his reach, and cultivated the acquaintance of their most distinguished leaders. But he by no means confined his attention to one sect. He occasionally joined the congregations of persons of every persuasion, from the Roman Catholic to the Free-thinking Christian, listening to all with the same reverence, or appearance of external respect. He was a most regular attendant, however, on the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. A. H. Kenney, of St. Olave's, Southwark, which he called his church. His mind was too expanded to be capable of being confined within the strait waistcoat of any sect. He viewed religion as a philosopher, and had surveyed all with a critical eye. He rejected the faith of his fathers, because it was at once foolish and degrading, and esteemed the diffusion of Christianity, in a pure form, beneficial to mankind. The great object of his life was to establish a new sect in his native country, of whose creed the key-stone should be the pure doctrine taught alike, he contended, by Mânû and by Moses, by Jesus Christ and by Mohammed—the doctrine of the unity of the deity,—and amongst his countrymen he has made many converts and followers, comprising among them a large portion of intelligence and respectability, united in a religious society according to the principles he has established. If this party, to whom the advancing liberality of the world seems propitious, keep its ground, and raise a fairer structure on the ruins of the tottering temple of Hinduism, he may be revered in a

future age as the founder of a new faith. The books he has (or is supposed to have) written, in some of many languages he knew, may, from time to time, be promulgated, like the chapters of the Koran, to complete the system of which the foundations are now laid.

His political principles were of the most liberal cast; but, partly from policy, that they might not interfere with his more important views of utility as a religious reformer, and partly from a cause already glanced at—the nature of the government—his political writings in India were comparatively few. His able tracts against widow-burning were, indeed, exceedingly valuable before the abolition, to which he mainly contributed, of that inhuman practice. Besides these, a tract on the Hindu law of inheritance, and some memorials in favour of a free press in India, which excited much attention when published, he privately submitted many papers to the government abroad for the improvement of its internal administration. On this subject, by far the most valuable work he has left behind him, is his 'Remarks on the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India,' in the form of queries and replies, contained among the Minutes of Evidence laid before Parliament on the India question. He prepared besides, while in England, various able papers or essays on the working of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, against the Salt monopoly in India, &c. which have not been published. The great defect of his political writings, and, indeed, of his character, was a want of firmness to say that which would be unpleasant to individuals or bodies of men. How far this might have arisen from early habit and education, or from timidity of character, from the effect of living under a despotic government, or from too great a regard to popularity, a wish to please all parties, or from a mixture of all these, cannot now be determined. But he was an ardent lover of liberty, and a fervent well-wisher to the political improvement of mankind.

In regard to his literary attainments, he was acquainted more or less with ten languages: Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Bengali, English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. The two first he knew critically, as a scholar; the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth he spoke and wrote fluently; in the eighth, perhaps, his studies or reading did not extend much beyond the originals of the Christian Scriptures; and in the latter two his knowledge was apparently more limited; though, to show his unwearied industry, it may be noticed that he had seriously resumed the study of French in the present year. He has published works in Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengali, and English; his most useful labour in regard to the first is his translation of the Veds; and his vernacular tongue, the Bengali, owes to him a well written Grammar, in the English language.

As a social being, few possessed qualities more calculated to inspire respect and love. He was affable in his manners, cheerful and instructive in conversation, equally ready to receive or to communicate knowledge, and scrupulously attentive to the rules of society. Perhaps he rather carried politeness to a fault, and often sacrificed to etiquette both utility and personal comfort. His acquaintance being eagerly courted in Europe, he was oppressed from the moment of his landing in England, with visitors of all ranks and classes; and often by two or three invitations to parties for every day in the week. He with difficulty stole a few hours a day for business; even the Sabbath brought him no rest; for, to please all parties, he had often to attend church two or three times, even when labouring under indisposition. In short, he wanted the courage to say "No;" and this, it is to be feared, contributed to shorten his days. His health had been long declining, from over



exertion, although it was excellent in part of the years 1831 and 1832. Since his return from France, in January 1833, both body and mind seemed losing their tone and vigour. He was first confined to his bed on the 17th ultimo, and never rose again from that to the 26th, when he died. For the last two or three days he appeared to have lost almost all consciousness and power of speech, and only expressed thanks for the services rendered him. He was attended in his last moments by (among others) Miss Castles, of Stapleton, Bristol, at whose residence he breathed his last, by Mr. Hare, of Bedford Square, London, and his niece, (a family which has discharged the duties of hospitality towards him ever since his arrival in England, with a kindness, delicacy and entire disinterestedness, which are honourable to the national character,) and by his Indian servants, one of them a Brahmin, distantly related to him.

There were three maxims in politics, in ethics, and in religion, which he often repeated; with these I shall sum up this brief sketch of his life and character. The first he expressed in an Arabic sentence, *Inshā' abid ul ihsān*: "Man is the slave of benefits." The second, a couplet from the Anwari Soheili, which will be found in many a fair lady's album: "The enjoyment of the two worlds (this and the next) rests on these two points: kindness to friends; civility to enemies." And the third, from the philosophic Sadi—which he often repeated, and often expressed a wish to have inscribed on his tomb:

THE TRUE WAY OF SERVING GOD IS TO DO  
GOOD TO MAN.

Amen: so let it be: the religious reformer of the Hindus could not have a more appropriate epitaph.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have hunted over every leaf and advertisement of the Magazines, and cannot find one single volume of any promise announced as forthcoming. Privately, indeed, we hear that Mr. Theodore Hook has a new novel in the press;—that Mr. Galt is so far improved in health as to be able to remove into the country; and that he is about to arrange for publication a series of tales, called 'Stories of the Study';—and that a tale called 'Aurungzebe,' will shortly appear, written by a new adventurer in romance, a Mr. Ainslie, a gentleman long resident in the land where he has laid the scene of his work.—Some of the periodicals of this month are more to our taste than we have lately found them. *Blackwood* has sent forth a double number: the 'Morning Monologue of an early Riser,' and 'The False Medium,' are airy, buoyant, and prodigal of fine passages.—*Fraser* is too personal in an article on Bulwer—but it is the reaction of Mr. Bulwer's own personalities. The writer in *Fraser* is not very complimentary to such literary men as gain their bread through booksellers; he seems to prefer independent gentlemen of lung descent, who vegetate like pumpkins on a dunghill, to the man who lives by intellectual exertion.—*The Metropolitan* continues the Biography of Jacob Faithful; but its leading article is, we suppose, the attack on 'Publishing and Puffing,' in which the old offences of Mr. Colburn are laid bare with no very gentle hand; this is well enough, but it is out of date—the system was ruined by our exposure long since: it never recovered 'The National' and 'The Juvenile'; the vitality which it occasionally manifests is a mere convulsive spasm—the death throes.—There is more variety than usual this month in *Tait*, but no article of pre-eminent merit; 'Dilworth Redivivus' is brief and good; but 'Wine' is in the worst taste of the phrenzied school, and young gentlemen may there sup full of horrors.—*The New Monthly*

has an article on the 'The City of the Clyde,' in which we read as follows: "The churches are consummately ugly, without being old;" now, one of the oldest churches in Britain is in Glasgow: again, "a huge brick parallelogram, whether rejoicing in the name of manufactory or cotton mills." Brick! Why, Glasgow is all stone, roof and wall!—We have, also, on our table the two first numbers of *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*; a publication intended, evidently, to be useful as well as entertaining. We were somewhat disappointed with the first number, but the second makes ample amends; and is certainly entitled to take a place among the foremost and best of cheap periodicals.—The new number of the *Westminster Review* is excellent; the articles are, without exception, or, perhaps, with the single exception of Rush, fresh, vigorous, and to the purpose; it is the best number, as a whole, that has appeared for some time.

*The Knickerbocker*, and *The American Monthly Review* for September, are also received. There is a good sensible paper in the former, by Timothy Flint, who "officially assumes" the editorship of the work next month, on 'The Obstacles to American Literature;' and, in the *Review*, an elaborate cutting up of the Rev. Isaac Fidler, and his work on America. We had no idea that there was vitality enough in the book to require "such a deal of killing."

Our Bruxelles correspondent last week made mention of the Exhibition lately opened in that city, and of the general admiration expressed at Martin's 'Fall of Nineveh.' We are now happy to announce that our countryman has been appointed Historical Painter to the King of the Belgians. "En vous conférant cette distinction," writes his private Secretary, "sa Majesté se plaît à rendre un juste témoignage à vos talens." On reading this, a painful consciousness came over us of the old truth, that a prophet—but the proverb is somewhat musty. It is, however, worthy to be observed, that here is a man, whose fame has reached from Indus to the Pole, who has been honourably distinguished by more than one crowned head, whose great original powers his countrymen are agreed in admiring, created Historical Painter to the King of the Belgians, before he has been thought worthy by our own Academicians of being admitted even an Associate. We have heard that there are some formalities to be observed on such occasions—that it is a necessary condition that the painter should ask for admission; if this be true, we hope Mr. Martin will rest content with his universal fame and foreign honours. Such a law is a disgrace to the Academy; its diplomas should be voluntarily conferred,—not humbly solicited.

#### FINE ARTS

*Portrait of Sir Walter Scott.* Painted by Leslie; engraved by Phillips.

THE great Minstrel is seated in his favourite Abbotsford chair, and looks vigorous and hale: the likeness is admirable; it has that peculiar turn of the head which we have remarked in the living original, and which Leslie has observed, and considered characteristic. The hands, too—and, indeed, the whole position—remind us much of one whose fellow we shall not soon see again. The picture, we observe, belongs to Mr. Alaric Watts: the engraving may be termed well-timed—for the death of the poet and the departure of the painter attract notice to it.

Since writing the above notice, we have received the following:

*Sir Walter Scott.* Painted by Lawrence; engraved by Robinson. Moon & Boys.

WHEN we saw the head of this fine picture, with its dark back-ground, and the body only indicated in chalks, we thought it more like Sir

Walter than afterwards, when the stalwart body and the dark dress were added. The lower part grew too strong for the upper; still the likeness is excellent, for our remark affects only the harmony of the composition. Lawrence observed the peculiar turn of the head which Leslie perceived: the eyes are very like—so is the mouth. Scott was happy in his artists—Raeburn, Lawrence, Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, Chantrey. The engraving is a fine one, and entitles the work to a place in the portfolio of the collector, as well as the ornamental frame of the lovers of art and genius.

#### Illustrations of The Amulet.

HERE are some sweet things: the 'Portrait of Donna Maria' is delicate and life-like: we remember Her Majesty very well when she sat for the picture—it was then remarkably like. Among those we most admire are—'A Seashore,' by Bonington, fresh as nature itself—a little laughing urchin, by Mrs. Carpenter, called, 'The Spring Noddy,' the very image of the light-hearted happy children that spring up, like wild flowers, round a moorland cottage—'The First-born,' by Wood, in which the mother is all grace and spiritual beauty—a rather quaint conceit, called 'The Wandering Thought,' by McClise, which has, however, a redeeming touch of nature—'Too Hot,' a picture by Landseer, in which the dumb speak—'Feeding the Robin,' by Collins; much admired a year or two since, when exhibited at the Academy—'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies,' by Leslie; and others of inferior merit.

#### Illustrations of Friendship's Offering.

THERE is one picture in this collection that would redeem a volume of commonplace—we allude to the 'Francesca' of the late Academician Jackson: for ease, simplicity, and nature, it will, we anticipate, be unrivalled. 'The Devotee' is also a high-wrought and careful engraving, after a well-laboured painting by Moore—but the lady reminds us of a ball-room rather than a chapel; Parris has a clever picture, called 'Innocence,' very sweetly engraved by Sangster; Martin one, of 'Venus and Æneas on the Shores of Carthage.' The rest are of various, but inferior, merit; and some can only pass under the protection of 'Francesca.'

#### THEATRICALS

##### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MADAME Vestris opened her doors for the season, on Monday last; and if she had been a few minutes later, the public would have saved her the trouble. The rush to boxes and pit was truly refreshing to all but those actually engaged in it. We understand, that a similar degree of eagerness was evinced to gain admission to the Adelphi; and yet we are still told, that the public has grown apathetic with regard to theatrical entertainments. It is really not so. There are as many people of all ranks as ever there were, nay, more than ever there were, willing and ready to go to those theatres where they know they shall be able to see and hear, and where they have a reasonable expectation of being reasonably amused at a reasonable cost. The entertainments consisted of the burletta produced last season, called 'A Match in the Dark'; two new burlettas, and a new burlesque. The first of these three new pieces, 'Look at Home,' in which Mr. Liston, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Knight, Mr. Bland, and Mr. James Vining, have parts, was, chiefly owing to the excellent manner in which it was acted, entirely successful. It is written by Mr. Charles Dance. The second, entitled 'I've lost my Place,' was less fortunate. It has been since withdrawn; and further remark, therefore, is not called for. The third, a burlesque, called 'High, Low, Jack, and the Game; or, The Card Party,' by the authors of 'Olympic

Nevels, 'Devils,' &c., was as well received as any of its predecessors. Mr. Keeley was warmly welcomed on his first appearance upon these boards.

## ADELPHI.

THIS house opened on Monday with a "new original" romantic drama, called 'Lekinda, the Sleepless Woman;' written expressly for this theatre, by Mr. Fitzball, the great spirit contractor and blood and murder monopolist. As an opera is little more than a vehicle for music, so is a piece of this kind little else than a vehicle for scenic effects. Great exertions have been used upon the present occasion, and most of the scenes are extremely beautiful and effective. The story is a new version of the old original, which runs, if we remember rightly, thus:—"Somebody, prince or princess of something, is in the power of some demon, and cannot get free until somebody else is found with sufficient courage to undertake something. Somebody is found—something is done—some demon is handed over to some of the lower authorities for punishment, and the distress of somebody, prince or princess of something, is relieved." The application of this plot is arranged so as to satisfy the greediness of the most hungry hunters of horrors. We will not attempt to forestall their pleasures by detailing it; crowds have gone to judge for themselves, and crowds will, no doubt, continue to go. If Mr. Fitzball has been a little wild in his fancies this time, there is, at least, consistency in his wildness. The parts are well sustained (as written by the author) by Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Honey, and Messrs. O. Smith, Hemming, and Buckstone; and Mr. Reeve creates roars of laughter, in a part which is new to the audience; every night, not only in the acting but in the words. His Harlequin, when dressed for the Carnival, is a rich bit of broad fun. The music, by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, is at once pleasing and clever. The pervading air of the piece, sung by Mrs. Waylett, is an extremely graceful and original melody. There is a great deal more in this piece to praise and little to find fault with; we cannot find room for the one, and we will not find room for the other. The house has been extremely well attended; and another prosperous season will, in all probability, be added to the long list of which this favoured theatre has already to boast.

## STRAND THEATRE.

THIS house was opened on Monday last, under no sanction, except that of public opinion, which has been frequently and loudly expressed in favour of free trade. We must leave Mr. J. Russell, the proprietor, to fight his own battle, if battle should be offered him, and, in the mean time, perform our duty as reporters. An opening address, written (and, of course, well written) by Mr. James Smith, was spoken by Mr. Russell and Mr. Wrench. The main bearing of it is, "live and let live;" it was received with good humour and cordiality. The first new piece is called, 'The King and the Actor;' and is nearly a literal translation from a French piece, which is founded on an anecdote (historical, or meant to be so considered) concerning Frederick of Prussia. It is rather indifferently done, but it succeeded very well with the audience. The second novelty was a one-act piece, called, 'The Station-House,' written by Mr. George Dance. This was eminently successful, and, in truth, it deserved to be so. It is some time since we have seen a sharper or pleasanter little farce; and, certainly, we have never seen one better acted throughout. Mr. Wrench has a part which fits him like his skin, and when that is the case, we know no actor more truly comic and agreeable. Mr. Russell himself plays a Frenchman, if not perfectly, at least nearer to the life than any we have ever seen

upon our stage; and Mrs. Chapman not only sings agreeably, but acts with her usual smartness, intelligence, and spirit. One word of advice to the author: take away Mr. Wrench's gown and wig, and let him attend at the Station-House as an attorney, instead of a barrister: it is a violation of truth without anything being gained, and is the only blemish on the face of a sprightly and well-acted farce. Mr. Russell afterwards got a great deal of applause in another version of 'Dominique.'

## MISCELLANEA.

**The Worcester Musical Festival.**—We are happy to hear an excellent report of these performances. Our correspondent writes, that, with the exception of the Great York Meetings, they surpassed, in general excellence and effect, any that he had ever heard in this country. The choir and band executed the modern as well as ancient music with extraordinary precision. The overtures also at the Concerts were not unworthy of the most successful efforts of the Philharmonic Band. Madame Malibran, Mrs. Knyvett and Miss C. Novello, with Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, E. Taylor, and Phillips, were all in good voice, and throughout the performances the pieces were performed in the rotation in which they were placed in the programme,—a trifling circumstance, perhaps, but one which reflects credit on the management of Mr. Clarke, the conductor.

**The Well of English Unfilled.**—There is a capital article in *The Sporting Magazine* of this month, called the 'Programme of a Metropolitan Tandem Club.' It is, we imagine, a model of pure idiomatic English—we laughed through every line of it, and must give our readers a specimen or two. To add weight to the writer's suggestion, he thus introduces himself:—"I have spun every sort of axle, (honour bright!) and graduated methodically for my *Cropper's* degree, from the modest *one-in-hand* through the manifold vehicular orders of curricles—tandem—outrigger—rhinoceros—and unicorn, up to that *topper* of all *drags*, the slashing, upstanding, go-away, four-horse team!! I have, moreover, Sir, 'rid post' (both wheel and pole-end) in full uniform from many a ball (with the boys dead asleep inside); and furthermore still (but what is there that a *Military Collegier* is not fly to?) I have fan'd a kittareen, goaded a German bullock vagon, and steered a flying elk-sledge; so that in common humility, Mr. Editor, I think you will admit that I have diligently studied for, and fairly earned, my diploma of M.W., or Master Whip. Rife, then, in the elegant and useful attainments of the *crop* and *silkies*, I hope I may be deemed qualified to put forth the *Programme* of an evidently-varmint, and-undoubtedly-neoterick Society, to be known and nomenclated by the 'style and title' of the 'TANDEM CLUB!' We have had, Sir, as you well know, eminent charioteers during all periods—from the earliest age, (when Phaeton horsed and drove the old *Sun*) down to the present two-o'clock 'Brighton Age;' and we have seen, or heard of, in later days, the prowess of a 'Tommy Titmouse,' or, as he was aptly termed, On-slow from the facinorous and muffy habit he indulged in of driving his *leaders* in kicking-straps, as well as that carnation of all *croppers*, Sir John Lade, who (between you and I and your readers) ought to have had the varmintest team in England kept up for him, (and that too free gratis of all expense,) from the hour of his dropping his *own* (before my time), even unto the day (and I hope a *far-off* one) of his being booked inside for his last jog by the *Black Mail*. Speaking in the present tense, I really know of nothing in the way of *roller-bolts* and *nag's-flesh* that gives me such a comfortable *chirp* as the light and business-like *spin* of Sir Henry Peyton's *twice-two*."

The writer thus breaks off from a digression:—"But what a devil of a pace I'm going!—my pen's all of a lather, and the top of it is shaking (like a horse's tail) from sheer distress."—And this is a biographical sketch by the same:—"I consider Tom Brydges, when once fairly cushioned in his *two-story* (or *attic*) tandem, to have been the highest driving character in Christendom; and though, poor fellow! his *wiry bit* of holly has at length been laid upon the *Gravesend Omnibus*, it will be many a long summer ere his memory is cold, or the 'Devil's Dyke,' and countless other eccentric *feats*, either surpassed or equalled. A better or *steadier* dragsman (maugre his *larking cut*) never took hold of a *bunch* of leather; and across a country he was 'second party' to none. Poor Tom! I have ridden and driven with ye often—*ergo* feel myself competent to declare, that never, no never did a *quicker eye* or a *lighter hand* bless a *Jehu* son of dear woman; and as for *nerve* and 'style,' not often has a prettier *finger-Smith* sat behind a pair of territts... But I must 'hold hard,' or I shall begin to *rake* and *bore*, and, therefore, (unbuckling my reins) I shall only add—*requiescat in pace*."

**Something Warlike.**—A Dungarvan skipper, being asked what he would wish to have painted on the stern of his vessel, replied, "Something warlike, to be sure: a bird-cage or a churn."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Mean.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 26	71 42	29.50	S.	Clear.
Frid. 27	70 42	29.50	E.	Cloudy.
Sat. 28	61 42	29.55	S. to S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 29	68 44	29.70	W.	Ditto.
Mon. 30	68 44	30.10	W.	Ditto.
Tues. 1	64 44	30.10	Var.	Ditto.
Wed. 2	66 44	Stat.	N.W.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Mean temperature of the week, 56.5°. Greatest variation, 29°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.775. Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week. Day decreased on Wednesday, 5h. 4min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Dictionary of Materia Medica, comprising also Practical Pharmacy, General Therapeutics, and Medical Jurisprudence, with Toxicology.

The Lives of British Actresses, who have intermarried with Noble Families, by W. Stubbs, A.M.

The Round Towers of Ireland, or the Mysteries of Budh and of Budhism Unveiled, by H. O'Brien.

The concluding volume of Colonel Hodges's Narrative of the expedition to Portugal.

A Treatise on Field Fortification, and other subjects connected with the Duties of the Field Engineer, by J. S. Macaulay.

Cruikshank's Comic Album: a Collection of Humorous Tales, &c., with 200 Engravings, 3 vols. 18mo. 24s.—Morrison's Tribute of Filial Sympathy, 4s. 6d.

The Prose Works of John Milton, 25s.—Twenty Minutes' Advice on the Eye, by a retired Oculist, 1s. 6d.

Blunt's Hulsean Lectures for 1832, 6s. 6d.—Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832, by an American, 8vo. 16s.

Morrell's Four Voyages, 8vo. 18s.—Landscape Annual, or Tourist in France for 1834, containing 36 Engravings, by J. D. Harding, post 8vo. 11s. 1d.—New London Chemical Pocket Book, 7s. 6d.—Cruden's Concordance to Old and New Testaments, 5s.—Hortus Woburnensis, or the Gardens and Grounds of Woburn Abbey, by J. Forbes, 8vo., 11s. 1d.—Lee's Chemical Diagrams, 7s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—As some of our Advertisements state that the Series of Papers on THE BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, by Mr. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (the publication of which is to commence on the 26th October), will be continued every fortnight, we think it well to announce that the Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* having made arrangements with us for a simultaneous publication, in that distinguished journal, of a translation of these Papers, we have so far deviated from our intention, to suit his convenience, as to fix on the following days for the appearance of the Series:—the 26th of October—the 10th and 30th of November—the 14th of December, and the 28th, if not before complete.

A. J.—Delta.—O.—R.—received.

'The Heiress' received too late for review.

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